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DANIEL DREW, ESQ.,
OF NEW YORK.

There is no reason why the power of genius and industry should not be recognized in the great achievements of commerce, as well as in the master-pieces of the pencil or the chisel, in the discoveries of science, or in the triumphs of the sword. The qualities needed in great commercial or financial enterprises are among the finest attributes of the human mind.

The portrait on this page is a good likeness of one of the leading financial men of the country. Mr. Drew's height is about five feet ten inches; his form is slender, but lithe and agile; his head is well shaped, with predominance in the reflective and observing organs; his eye clear and keen; his features strongly marked; his general expression mild, but firm. He was born at Carmel, Putnam County, New York, July 29, 1797. He was trained on his father's farm to industry and frugality; but his further education did not go beyond the rudiments of knowledge gathered at the winter country school. His father died in 1812, leaving little or no property, and at eighteen the lad began business on his own account. His first ventures were in driving cattle from Putnam County to New York for sale; but five years spent in this business left him no richer than when he began.

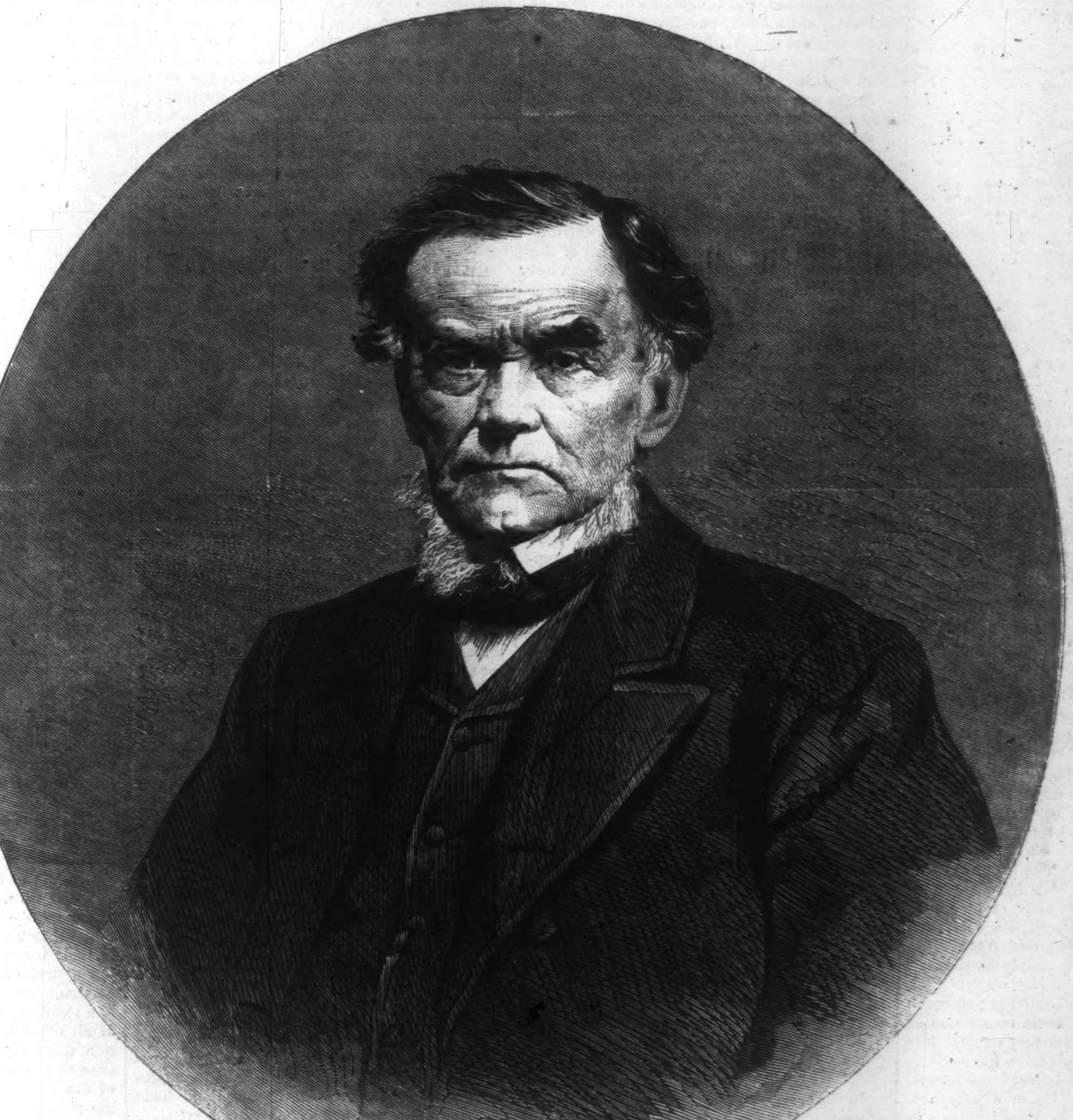
In 1829 he removed to New York, and kept at the cattle-trade there for ten years longer. He kept, during part of that time, the old "Bull's Head," in the Bowery, which was then a sort of cattle-dealers' exchange. In connection with other parties he brought to New York the first great herd of cattle that ever crossed the Alleghanies, two thousand head, in droves of one hundred each. In 1834 he accidentally got into the steamboat business. The *General Jackson* blew up at Grassy Point in that year, and the *Water Witch* was put on the river by a friend of Mr. Drew, who induced him to invest $1000 in the enterprise. It failed. The steamer was sold to Mr. Drew and others for $20,000, and put on the Hartford line. In 1836 she was exchanged for the *Westchester*. and the "old residents" well remember the exciting contests on the river of that and the following year. We can not give details, but, as our readers well know, Mr. Drew has continued to this day substantially to be king of the river traffic on the Hudson. When the Hudson River Railroad was opened in 1852 its President told Mr. Drew that he "might bid good-by to the steamboats." Yet, while thousands of passengers are now carried daily by rail, not only on the Hudson River but on the Harlem Road, the number conveyed in the steamboats is greater than ever before. When Mr. Drew took his first steamboat venture Mr. Vanderbilt told him, "You don't understand this business, and you can't succeed." Yet not only on the Hudson, but on the East River, and on Lake Champlain, Mr. Drew was for many years the leading "steamboat" man, and, with perhaps the single exception of Mr. Vanderbilt, the most successful one.

But steamboats have only absorbed a small part of Mr. Drew's activities. In 1836, to give occupation to another person, he embarked a small capital in the banking business in Wall Street. In 1840 he took in Nelson Robinson and R. W. Kelly as partners, under the firm of Drew, Robinson, & Co. The success of the house was remarkable; indeed, it is said that of the large operations in which the firm engaged only one turned out to be a mistake, and that one arose from a loan made contrary to Mr. Drew's advice. In 1853, wishing to abridge his labors, Mr. Drew gave up the banking business to his son-in-law, Mr. Kelly; but in a year he was compelled, by the death of Mr. Kelly, to take up the threads of finance again, and from that day to this he has never dropped them. In 1857 he indorsed acceptances for the Erie Railroad to the amount, altogether, of a million and a half. The crash came a few months after, and in *that* panic a man of great nerve might well have trembled at such a responsibility. The story runs that Mr. Drew was asked by a friend, in the height of the panic, whether "he could sleep in these times." "I have never lost a night's rest on account of business," was the reply.

Amidst all the cares of his vast business Mr. Drew has found time and taste for practical agriculture. He has an estate of several hundred acres fifty miles from New York, on the Harlem Road. His lands are mostly grazing farms, on which Western cattle are fattened for market. In 1858, out of one hundred and twenty cattle sold from the estate, one hundred weighed a thousand pounds each "in the beef."

For many years Mr. Drew has been an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is a trustee of St. Paul's, Fourth Avenue; and his money and his time have always been at its service. Some years ago he built a neat church on his home farm, with a school-room fitted up with a library, maps, etc., under the direction of his daughter. About 1860 two other churches were built in the same neighborhood, chiefly at Mr. Drew's expense. In 1866, the year of the Centenary of American Methodism, he laid the foundations of a theological seminary at Carmel, his native place, by an endowment of $250,000, and a covenant to erect the necessary buildings and to provide a large library for the institution. The entire amount of this donation will necessarily exceed half a million of dollars. Nor have Mr. Drew's benefactions been confined to church objects. As might be expected, a man of his wealth is called upon for nearly every charity and public improvement in the city, and for many out of it. Yet we believe that few who bring a substantial claim for his assistance go empty away.

Mr. Drew is still in vigorous health, and, to all appearances, has many years of active labor before him.



DANIEL DREW, Esq.—[Photographed by Brady.]

MR. LINCOLN AND THE DRUMMER BOY.

We present on page 244 a beautiful engraving, illustrating one of the most touching of the many incidents which have been related of the kindness of heart and affectionate nature of the late President Lincoln. The picture tells its own story, but we append the incident as told by F. B. Carpenter in his book of reminiscences of Mr. Lincoln, published in 1865:

"Among the large number of persons waiting in the room to speak with Mr. Lincoln, on a certain day in November last, was a small, pale, delicate-looking boy, about thirteen years old. The President saw him standing, looking feeble and faint, and said—'Come here, my boy, and tell me what you want.' The boy advanced, placed his hand on the arm of the President's chair, and with bowed head and timid accents said: 'Mr. President, I have been a drummer in a regiment for two years, and my colonel got angry with me and turned me off; I was taken sick, and have been a long time in hospital. This is the first time I have been out, and I came to see if you could not do something for me.' The President looked at him kindly and tenderly, and asked him where he lived. 'I have no home,' answered the boy. 'Where is your father?' 'He died in the army,' was the reply. 'Where is your mother?' continued the President. 'My mother is dead also. I have no mother, no father, no brothers, no sisters, and,' bursting into tears, 'no friends—nobody cares for me.' Mr. Lincoln's eyes filled with tears, and he said to him, 'Can't you sell newspapers?' 'No,' said the boy, 'I am too weak, and the surgeon of the hospital told me I must leave, and I have no money, and no place to go to.' The scene was wonderfully affecting. The President drew forth a card, and addressing on it certain officials to whom his request was law, gave special directions 'to care for this poor boy.' The wan face of the little drummer lit up with a happy smile as he received the paper, and he went away convinced that he had one good and true friend, at least, in the person of the President."

BELLE OF THE BALL.

By Miles O'Reilly.

Oh, Lady of Kinsa!
  Dear girl of my heart,
With your teeth of cut pearl
  Where the crimson lips part;
And a breast o'er whose white hills
  With beauty aglow
The blue veinlets wander
  Like streams through the snow—
How proud is her glance,
  Yet how kindly to all,
As they halt in the dance
  For my Belle of the Ball!

My Lady of Kinsa!
  How royal her grace,
Yet how bright and how gentle
  And winsome her face!
And her eyes, large and blue,
  Are as soft as a fawn's,
And her smile is as genial
  As midsummer dawns;
And her wealth of brown hair—
  See its hues rise and fall,
Golden, chestnut, and fair—
  In my Belle of the Ball.

My Lady of Kinsa!
  In silver and green,
By the sceptre of beauty
  A true Irish Queen;
As she raises her train,
  For the dancers are fleet,
See how small in their white
  Satin buskins her feet;
Oh, to be but caressed
  By the white arms that fall
To the partner now blessed
  By my Belle of the Ball!

My Lady of Kinsa!
  The clover that dips
To the scythe has no perfume
  To equal your lips;
And your little pink ears
  Crown an ivory neck
Which the jewels of empire
  Might worthily deck;
And your voice is as bland
  As the murmur of streams,
And the touch of your hand
  Is the thrill of my dreams;
And I glow in each pulse
  As I bow to the thrall
Of my Beauty of Kinsa—
  My Belle of the Ball!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 27, 1867.

PARTY RESPONSIBILITY.

In his late work upon the English Constitution Mr. Walter Bagehot speaks of an old British Secretary of the Treasury who used to say of a doubtful measure: "This is a bad case, an indefensible case. We must apply our *majority* to this question." The Secretary was a little dizzy with power. His head swam so that he could not see distinctly or he would have perceived that the majority itself depends upon its application. Its application to corrupt or indefensible measures is simply harri-karri. It is suicide.

Parties are popularly estimated not so much by their principles as by their representative men and the measures which they adopt. Nor is this unnatural, for an observer instinctively asks whether bad men can be expected honestly to carry out good principles, or whether it is any excuse for a swindle that the perpetrators profess a love of justice. The fate of the Democratic party of this country illustrates the consequences of merely applying a majority to the settlement of grave questions. It began professing faith in the people and regard for equal rights. Gaining a controlling majority it ended in being the servile lackey of the most inhuman despotism in history. Seven years ago looking at the results it had wrought and the action which those results had made logically necessary, it said with the old Secretary: "This is a bad case, we must apply our majority to this question," and in the attempt the majority was annihilated. If the city of New York, in which the more corrupt the Democratic party becomes the larger is its majority, should be urged as an argument against the truth of what we say, the reply is that the city of New York does not satisfy any of the conditions of a political community which are assumed in all political speculation. General principles are not to be tested in abnormal but in normal circumstances; and it is in the whole country, not in an exceptional point of it, that the principle is to be proved.

The majority of the Democratic party ceased to be an "applicable" quantity because of the incredible moral and pecuniary corruption it had introduced into every department of the Government, and of the conspiracy against the national life which it had fostered. It is a lesson to be pondered. We ought to remember that we are all made responsible for corrupt practices of any part of our party. There are those who gravely fear that the venality of the present Legislature may cost the Republican party the State. If it should, the responsibility will rest with the constituencies which send men to the Legislature who can be bribed. The people in the quiet rural districts who may read these words are responsible. And, as a rule, if you know the candidate of our party to be a dishonest man, don't vote for him. Let our managers who pack the primary meetings and nominate candidates learn by experience that their majority can not be applied to bad and indefensible candidates, and they will give us good ones.

But if any body supposes that he will remedy political corruption by opposing the Republican party and supporting the Democratic, he will be grievously mistaken. If he thinks the Democratic party is more pure than its antagonist, he may refer to the days of the old Albany regency, or, more instructively, he may study the condition of the city of New York. Bad as the Capitol at Albany may be, is it quite so foul as the City Hall in New York? Is political corruption likely to be purged by carrying the City Hall to Albany? Legislative corruption is not a party question, and although whenever it is flagrant it undoubtedly endangers the dominant party, it is not necessarily remedied by the ruin of the party until the party is thoroughly identified with it.

In the present situation in this country the tendency of the Democratic party is constantly to drag down its better men, while that of the Union party is as steadily to elevate its worse men. Take the late campaign in Connecticut as an example. The argument of the Republican party was that all men should have fair play, and that the Union should be reconstructed upon that principle. The argument of the Democratic party was that men of African descent are niggers, and that the rebel States ought to reconstruct themselves as they choose. The argument of the one side was humane, generous, and inspiring; that of the other was pitiful and pettifogging. One appealed to a broad, clear principle of natural justice; the other to a mean prejudice, and to an interpretation of the Constitution which destroys the very purpose for which constitutions exist. Now since corrupt men are attached to both parties what would the State, what would any country gain by substituting the Democratic party, with such theories and arguments, for the Republican party with its just and progressive principles? Does any body who is indignant with corruption believe that Connecticut politics will be purer because Mr. English is Governor instead of General Hawley?

Those who are impatient should remember that there is such a process as jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. Let the press inform the party managers that the majority can not and shall not be applied to indefensible cases; let the action of the voters confirm their words, and all will be well. What our politics and political men need is a terrible public opinion—an opinion which applies to public life the moral tests with which we are familiar in private conduct; and this can be obtained only by heroic exposure of the men who succumb to base influences. The Legislature is charged with corruption. Who are the corrupters and the corrupted? Who have taken bribes of any kind? The newspapers and Mr. Beecher, in a late sermon, speak of voters bought and sold. Let us have the cloud cleared away and know *who* have been bought. Let that fact be well published, and there will be fewer voters in the market next year.

EQUAL SUFFRAGE.

In the system proposed for the reconstruction of the Union the dominant party has laid down a principle which should be universally applied. The taunts of Governor Orr and of Wade Hampton are at least suggestive. "This Republican Union party," they say in substance to the new voters at the South, "insists that the colored population shall vote in the States where they abound and where they were yesterday slaves, but in the States which this party controls it will not allow the colored men to vote equally, and often not at all. It is from no regard for the principle of equal suffrage, but from hatred of us that the colored men are enfranchised."

The essential injustice of this argument we do not now stop to consider, for there is no doubt, and Governor Orr, if well informed, would himself doubtless admit, that while the laws of some of the Northern States do disfranchise the colored citizen, yet the vast majority of the Republican Union party favors the equality of suffrage, and the necessary tendency of that party from its fundamental principle is toward a truly popular government. It is, therefore, no argument against that party, as the friend of the disfranchised race, that it has not yet in every State equalized the suffrage. The important fact is, that all progress in that direction is due to the Republican Union party, and that the steady and sullen resistance to equal rights has proceeded from the Democratic party. Nor must it be forgotten, when Governor Orr derides the Republican party for indifference to the colored citizens, that he and the Democratic party have been just foiled in an attempt permanently to deprive them not only of political but of all civil and social rights whatsoever.

There is indeed a peculiar reason of policy for the enfranchisement of the colored citizens in the Southern States which does not exist in the Northern. The principle is of course the same, but it was necessary to apply it immediately in the Southern States to secure a vote loyal to the Union of an imposing number and character. But the time has now arrived when it is of the highest expediency that the Republican Party should universally assert the principle of equal suffrage by an amendment to the Constitution of the United States. It should at once declare that it requires the reorganization of the Southern States upon the principle of equal suffrage, because it believes that principle to be just and politic every where in the country.

Not only the thorough debate of the question but the experience of the results of the system have enlightened the public mind. Two years ago in Connecticut the proposal to equalize the suffrage was lost by more than six thousand majority. This year the Republican party, asserting the same principle, is defeated by less than a thousand majority. Even in New Jersey the vote last week in the Lower House to strike out the disability of color was lost only by a vote of 35 to 20, and thirteen of the thirty-five were Republicans. A little more time will bring those thirteen to the twenty. In the State of New York the Convention to select delegates at large to the Constitutional Convention unanimously requested them to use all honorable means to secure equal suffrage. There is no doubt that the Republican party in the Convention will correct the State Constitution upon that point. There is as little doubt, we suppose, that the Democratic party will oppose the correction; for if so intelligent a man as Senator Henry C. Murphy, who is one of the Democratic delegates at large to the Convention, could deliberately declare, as he did during the present session of the Legislature, that the colored citizen ought not to vote because of his mental and physical inferiority, what may not be expected of his fellow-partisans in the Convention? But the suffrage will without much doubt be equalized.

It is, however, much too essential a right to be left to the whim of a State. It should be established in the fundamental law as much as personal liberty. It was State interference with the latter, and its total destruction, which caused the war. We do not say that the Constitution could have been adopted without conceding the authority over this subject to the States themselves; but we do say that that concession was the seed of the great difficulty, and that it would not be made upon any consideration whatever at the present time. Let the conviction of the country upon this most important point be therefore expressed in the organic law. Let the political as well as the civil rights of every citizen of the country be defined and protected by the Constitution of the country. Let us, so far as law can do it, utterly extirpate this ancient root of bitterness and give ourselves repose.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The present fundamental law of the State of New York requires certain cardinal changes, but they are of a nature to provoke long debate and partisan difference. The Convention will undoubtedly be strongly Republican, and its work is therefore very likely to be sharply opposed by the Democratic party during its progress, and bitterly attacked, upon its completion, during the canvass for its adoption. This is to be deplored, but it is almost inevitable. The present Constitution was formed in 1846, during the dominance of the Democratic party, and many of its provisions are repudiated by the present political convictions of the State as well as condemned by experience. Yet they are still in accordance with the policy of that party, and will not be resigned without a severe contest. We hope, however, that the Republican delegates will go into the Convention with as little mere party-spirit as possible; and we sincerely trust that there will be enough members who are not technically politicians to thwart at once any designs of any "Ring" whatever.

Of the subjects which will occupy the Convention the first is the equalization of the suffrage.

The second is the purification of the Judiciary.

The third is a thorough revision of the whole financial system of the State.

The fourth is the government of the city of New York, in which lives so large a proportion of the population, and which is now in so utterly an unsatisfactory condition.

The fifth is the system of elective offices.

The sixth is the purification and relief of the Legislature.

The vice of the present Constitution is that it is too complicated, and that it proceeds upon the theory that it is necessary for every officer of every kind to be elected directly by the people at constantly recurring intervals. But this is a radical error. While the people are really the source of power, the method of its distribution in detail is purely a question of expediency. Whether a Governor shall be elected for one year or for ten; whether a Judge shall be elected by general ballot or appointed by nomination and confirmation; whether the heads of the various State departments shall be chosen directly by all the voters, as in New York, or named by the chief executive, with the assent of a branch of the Legislature, as in the national system and in some of the States—are all questions of policy. How will the purposes of the executive and judicial and clerical offices be most efficiently secured? That is the question for the people to decide. There is no more principle involved in electing a Governor for twenty-four months than for twenty-three. The principle is the popular election. The time is a point of expediency to be settled by discussion and experience.

So with the Judges. It is a question of good policy merely whether they shall be appointed by the Governor only, or by the Governor and the Senate, or upon the recommendation of a majority, or of two-thirds, or of nine-tenths of the bar of a district or the bar of a State; or whether they shall be elected by the voters of the district or of the State, and whether the appointment or election shall be for a month, or eleven months, or twelve months, or for six years, or until the incumbent is fifty or sixty or seventy years old, or for his life. The expediency must be settled upon general considerations drawn from human nature and experience.

Now the settlement of this question by the present Constitution is undoubtedly wrong in regard to the Judiciary. The expedient of elective judges has failed. The dignity, the ability, and the character of the bench have declined, not every where, but in many places, and the security of the citizen and of society is consequently diminished. Shall the system of appointment by nomination and confirmation be now tried, with a tenure of good behavior; or shall the Judge be elected by general ballot with the same tenure? If, for instance, the party managers in this city, many of whom have large properties and a great stake in an efficient and honest administration of the laws, knew that the man whom they nominated for Judge, and who would be consequently elected, would be Judge for life, they would take particular care that the bench was not occupied by Judge Connollys. And, on the other hand, when the Judge did not regard the prisoner's dock as the jury box to determine his own re-election, he would sentence proved knaves without fear. Again, if the Judges were appointed upon the nomination of the Governor, the State would gain the advantage of a distinct individual accountability which no Governor could disregard, but which can not exist in a nominating Convention. Nobody will deny that Judges should be appointed for capacity and honesty, not for partisan subserviency. Will any body contend that under the system of annual or frequent elections of Judges such men have reached, or are likely to reach, the bench in the city of New York?

Yet if a proposition should be made to change the system of appointing Judges we should be told that we were about to be deprived of one of our most sacred rights. The cry would be raised that "the people" were to be defrauded of their votes, and the State would ring with the appeal of demagogues to ignorance and passion. There is all the more need, therefore, of a steady and temperate discussion of this and of all other questions with which the Convention must deal; and we hope that from this time to the close of the Convention the press of the State every where will devote itself to the most earnest consideration of the changes which ought to be made in the Constitution to secure in every department a simpler and more efficient government than is now possible.

THE NEW NATIONAL ICE-HOUSE.

It would seem that the Secretary of State and the United States Senate might have consulted the people of the country in the usual way before enlarging the national domain by an arctic territory and the population by some scores of thousands of Esquimaux and nondescripts. It is surely a subject in which the people are all interested and upon which they have a right to be heard, and the manner in which this Russian treaty has been hurried through the Senate before there was fair opportunity for its intelligent discussion by the country is simply discreditable. The project was first revealed to the country on Sunday, March 31, and on Tuesday, April 9, the treaty was ratified. It can not be said to have been heartily approved any where except, as is reported, in California. There was no conceivable reason for secrecy, but the whole matter was as carefully hushed up as if nothing but the immediate possession of Russian America could save us from imminent peril, and the ratification is received in entire ignorance and bewilderment, and without a spark of sincere enthusiasm or pleasure.

It is vain to attempt to compare the Russian treaty with the Louisiana purchase. A glance at the map settles the essential difference between the two. It was impossible to allow the mouth of our greatest river to be controlled by a foreign power. But Russian America is not contiguous to our territory. Under the auspices of Mr. Seward the United States are about to enter upon a colonial system. At a time when we are heavily loaded with debt we are to pay more than seven millions of dollars in gold for a remote and barbarous region, which, under ordinary human conditions, will never be largely peopled except by savages, and for the annual government of which the expenses will be enormous. The advantages are evidently so few that only two reasons can be suggested for the project. It is either a huge job, or it is a political device.

Senator Sumner is reported to have spoken for three hours and a half in favor of the ratification of the treaty. Why is his speech not allowed to be published? Why are we not permitted to know any thing whatever of this transaction? The general opinion of the country is, that it is an effort of Mr. Seward's to regain some of that public consideration which he has so recklessly squandered. No man ever so wantonly threw away so fair a fame as the Secretary of State; and it is not incredible that the engineer of the last summer's swinging around the circle to the tomb of Douglas relies for renewed reputation upon an appeal to the love of territorial expansion, which is supposed to be inextinguishable in the American people.

Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, whose word is always entitled to respect, favors the project because of the whale fishery, and of the shortest passage to Asia, and of the coal in British America. But the whale fishery can be fully protected by treaty; the coal in the Saskatchewan Valley does not belong to the Russian territory; and the value of the shortest actual passage to Asia is not apparent in view of the climate, and of the character of the country, and of the fact that a foreign territory intervenes.

In the present situation of this country, with an unbroken line upon both oceans and across the continent, territorial expansion is wholly undesirable. It is a source of weakness and not of strength; and whoever advocates it must show the advantage with irresistible force. There may be immense advantages in the acquisition of this Russian desert; but they are not suspected by the country, and they are thus far carefully concealed by the Government.

THE MISSISSIPPI PETITION.

The opinion of the Supreme Court in the case of the Mississippi petition to prevent the execution of the Reconstruction bill by the President is trenchant and conclusive. The sole question, according to the Court, is, Can the President be restrained from carrying into effect an act of Congress alleged to be unconstitutional? The Chief-Justice, who delivered the opinion, in the first place considered the assumption that in the present case the Presidential duty was merely ministerial, and showed that it was not ministerial or mechanical, but executive or with discretion.

He proceeded to say that all precedent proved the general judgment of the profession to be that no such application as that of the State of Mississippi should be entertained. The Court certainly could not interfere to prevent the passage of an unconstitutional law even when the purpose is evident and the execution certain, and yet the principle is the same as that of interposition to prevent the execution. Again, suppose the injunction allowed, the Court can not enforce it. Suppose the President complies and declines to execute the law. The House of Representatives might then impeach him. Could the Supreme Court then dissolve the Senate sitting as a Court of Impeachment? These questions, said the Chief-Justice, answer themselves, and the motion to file the bill is denied.

There is one sentence in the opinion which tells a truth that should be perfectly familiar to every citizen of this country, but which seems to be often forgotten. "The Congress is the legislative department of the Government. The President is the executive department. Neither can be restrained in its action by the judicial department, though the acts of both when performed are, in proper cases, subject to its cognizance." That is the true theory of the function of the Court. The assumption of the Mississippi petition is, that the Supreme Court is the Government.

PARTIES IN ENGLAND.

The ocean telegraph reports that Mr. Gladstone had offered an amendment to the Reform bill of the Tory Government which had been rejected by twenty-one majority. The telegram states merely that the proposition was to fix the rating at five pounds; but the details of the debate will soon reach us. Meanwhile it must not be supposed that the feeling upon the subject has essentially changed. The difficulty in the House of Commons we presume to be a want of harmony in the Liberal party, which no leader however skillful could overcome. Last year Mr. Lowe taunted Mr. Gladstone with the foolish sacrifice of the great majority which he inherited from Lord Palmerston. But it was impossible for the new House to continue the Palmerstonian policy of smiling and sneering and drifting. The most radical opponents of the Palmerstonian system are to be found in the Liberal ranks; and it is as impossible for Mr. Lowe and Mr. Bright to agree as for Mr. Bright and Lord Derby. And this is the key of the situation.

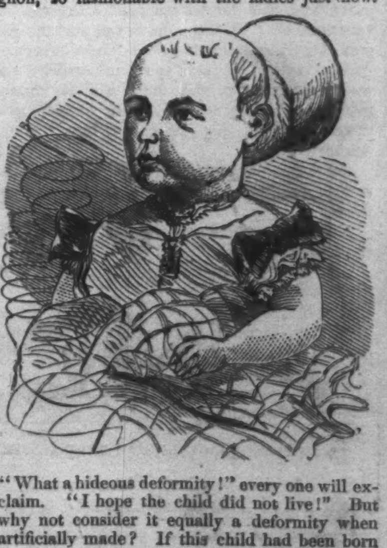
There are really four parties in the House of Commons: the Tory party proper; the Gladstone Liberals, with whom John Bright acts; the Adullamites, or the squad of Conservative Liberals who act with Mr. Robert Lowe; and the true radicals, of whom Mr. Bright is the representative. Mr. Bright and Mr. Mill both vote with Mr. Gladstone; but for reasons somewhat differing from his. The Tories will have no change whatever. To them modern times are a snare, progress is a delusion, and John Bright is John Wilkes and Guy Fawkes combined. Mr. Robert Lowe, chief of the Adullamites, is one of the most brilliant and lucid of modern Parliamentary orators. He rejects utterly the idea of any right but a legal right; he denies that "justice" and "moral rights" have any place in politics. In his opinion politics is expediency and nothing more. He insists that the Reformers are bound to show some existing grievance for which an increased suffrage will be a remedy; and he denies that the Reformers are logical in stopping at a five or seven or ten pound rating as a qualification for the suffrage, instead of pushing on to pure Democracy. The Reform asked for, he contends, would be merely a step toward Democracy; and Democracy is anarchy and chaos come again. Mr. Gladstone has never declared that suffrage was a natural right, nor has he reasoned upon *a priori* considerations, except to say that good policy requires the participation in the Government of every man who is not personally unfit, or whose participation would not be politically dangerous. He does speak, however, of moral rights in politics: such, for instance, as the right of every citizen to protection by the state, to which he gives his allegiance. Then come Mr. Bright and Mr. Mill, the clearest brain and the most eloquent tongue in England, one of whom claims manhood suffrage as a right, while the other claims the vote for women.

Mr. Lowe and his friends, combining with the Tories, last year defeated Mr. Gladstone's bill and broke up the Russell Ministry. We presume that upon the same grounds he has taken the same course now. His philosophy is peculiarly agreeable to the British mind. It is essentially that of Burke, who would not allow moral principles to be obtruded into political discussions. But as a late acute critic of Mr. Lowe remarks, if the sole proper ground of political action be expediency, may it not be expedient to consider whether even an unreasonable sense of injustice upon the part of five millions of the population ought not to be regarded? Mr. Lowe denies that these millions suffer any grievance for which enlarged suffrage is a remedy; but if they think that they do, it is quite enough. It is not a point which Mr. Lowe can decide for them or for the country. His argument now was the Tory argument in 1832; but he admits the reform of that year to have been a good measure. Yet if enlargement of the suffrage be a step toward Democracy, and therefore perilous, it was as true in 1832 as it is in 1867.

De Tocqueville was of opinion that Democracy, or popular government, was inevitable. If that be indeed so, it is the natural result of increasing intelligence and civilization? Do we wish to withstand civilization? Was the Spain of Charles V. as happy a country as the United States to-day?

WATERFALLS.

Our readers have here a representation of a child born with a tumor on the back of the head very much resembling the waterfall, *alias* chignon, so fashionable with the ladies just now.



"What a hideous deformity!" every one will exclaim. "I hope the child did not live!" But why not consider it equally a deformity when artificially made? If this child had been born some twenty years ago, and had lived to this time, she would have been in the very height of the fashion, and would not have been obliged to construct one of those fashionable tumors, the exterior of which is generally somewhat questionable, and the interior more so. But the child lived only two weeks, and the loving parents had the opportunity for only this short period of looking with admiration upon Dame Nature's imitation of one of Dame Fashion's ingenious inventions.

The doctors, who of late have peered into things very curiously with their microscopes, have told some disagreeable stories about chignons. A Russian professor states that three-fourths of the false hair used in Russia is infested with minute animals called Gregarines, which are parasites of that famous animal, the *pediculus capitis* or common louse. He states that in the heat and agitation of the ball-room these gregarines "revive, grow, and multiply by dividing into many parts; these fly about the ball-room in millions, get inhaled, and drop on the refreshments." And besides these parasites of the louse there may be also the egg-bags of the animal itself.

There have also been found certain "nits" that resemble those which are present in the various forms of ringworm. We will state, however, for the partial comfort of the wearers of waterfalls, that the adult scalp does not afford a suitable *nidus* for these parasite germs. If the young should wear them (and why should they not if they are really ornamental?) ringworms would be a common result.

When false hair was used in moderate quantity great pains was taken in collecting and preparing it. But this has not been the case since so great a demand has been created for it by the new fashion. In Europe the collecting of hair is a large business, and is done chiefly by very filthy persons among filthy people. In Russia great quantities are gathered from the peasant women of the Mordwines and Burlakes near the Volga, and the filthiness of these people can be judged of from the statement that "when the Burlake goes out to work in the spring, he perhaps puts a clean shirt on, but he decidedly never takes it off until he returns home in autumn."

In commenting upon such facts the editor of the London *Lancet* says: "Here is a fine chance for parasites. We must leave the subject with ladies and naturalists. Half of the awful possibilities of the fashion—which it does not require a microscopist to suggest—would deter men. We can not so certainly reckon upon affecting ladies in a matter of fashion."

Some injury comes from waterfalls when they are very large, from the heat they occasion and the strain upon the natural hair when this is made to sustain them. We have known a daily headache to be thus produced, which disappeared on making the deformity smaller and contriving to sustain it without any strain upon the hair.

But after all, we do not object to chignons so much from the liability to be infested with parasitic animals and the diseases these may produce, or from the injury which they may directly inflict in some cases, as we do from the general influence which the wearing of this ridiculous deformity exerts in the maintenance of the tyranny of fashion. This tyranny often tramples alike on the laws of beauty, the laws of propriety, and the laws of health. There is certainly no beauty in big chignons or enormous crinoline, no propriety in sweeping filthy sidewalks with trailing dresses, and no promotion of health in the compression of vital organs by corsets and other kindred appliances. Indeed, aside from the direct effect of some of the inventions of fashion in injuring the health, there is an indirect influence in this respect which is by no means of small account. The constant painstaking in obeying the ever-varying behests of fashion, which so much occupies the minds of most females, inflicts, it is true, its chief injury upon the moral and intellectual character, but through this it affects also the physical condition. Whatever degrades and belittles the mind, and keeps it disturbed with cares that are unworthy of it, even frivolous in their nature, must derange the nervous system, and through this the bodily organization at large; while, on the other hand, the satisfaction attending the employment of thought and care on rational subjects exerts a genial influence upon the mind, and through that upon the body, and is therefore one of the means of securing a high condition of health.

The moral and intellectual considerations are by far the most important, but it has been our purpose now to press only those which have reference to health. The whole subject demands attention and rational action on the part of all sensible and high-minded women. It is wrong, exceedingly wrong, for them to allow themselves to be borne along in the crowd with the worldly and frivolous in following all the exactions of fashion.

LITERARY.

"Christie's Faith," lately published by Harper & Brothers, is one of the most excellent of the many standard novels issued from their press. It is the story of two boys rescued from evil ways and placed in honorable paths. The one does right from principle, the other from policy. One is sustained in his struggles and encouraged in his course by the strong love and faith of an earnest woman; the other is aided by the arts and duplicity of an evil nature like his own. Both attain wealth and distinction; and one finds happiness with the woman he loves. The story is very dramatic, the incidents gradually developing themselves with increasing interest to the end. Besides frequent scenes of great force, the story has many characters of much originality, each displaying the fine analytical power of the author. "Christie's Faith" is very superior to most modern novels.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

In the extra session of the Senate, on April 9, the treaty ceding the Russian-American possessions to the United States was ratified by only two dissenting votes. The remainder of the business transacted has been either secret or unimportant.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

At a meeting of the prominent citizens of Charleston, South Carolina, on April 2, it was unanimously agreed that the freedmen should be entitled to run some of their own color on the white man's ticket to the Convention and State Legislature. The meeting was composed in a large proportion of old Democrats and secessionists, and General Hampton sent a letter to it urging the policy of giving the negroes representation.

It has been announced that Governor Sharkey, now that he has been defeated in his Mississippi injunction case before the Supreme Court, will indict and arrest Governor Ord, military commandant in Mississippi, on a charge of treason to the State.

Governor Jenkins, of Georgia, has advised the people of that State to do nothing until the Supreme Court has decided on his measure for the "relief of Georgia."

Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee, on April 13, declared the registration of voters in eight counties of Tennessee to be null and void.

A mass meeting of freedmen was held in Augusta, Georgia, on April 13, and resolutions were proposed favoring the Republican party; the support of the widows and orphans of Union soldiers; the abolition of corporeal punishment; and the right of all colors to hold office. Ex-Governor Johnson opposed these resolutions in a long speech, and said that if he had known that was the programme intended he would not have been present. Judges Starm and Hilliard followed in the same strain, and were followed in turn by several colored orators, who favored the resolutions and the Republican party. The resolutions were then adopted.

A Radical mass meeting of negroes was held in Nashville on the same day, in the open air, no hall being large enough to contain the crowd. Resolutions were adopted indorsing Governor Brownlow and denouncing President Johnson.

In Jackson County, Alabama, a negro school teacher named Carter has been appointed Register of Voters under the Military Reconstruction bill. The appointment was made at the request of a number of the prominent white citizens of the county.

General Sickles issued an order for the government of his Military District, on April 11, providing that no person shall be imprisoned for debt; suspending sales of attached property for twelve months; suspending forever all legal proceedings for the recovery of money for the purchase of negroes; prohibiting the carrying of deadly weapons; and abolishing capital punishment for burglary and larceny.

Several colored men of Columbia, S. C., have purchased the *South Carolinian* newspaper, and propose conducting it as a negro organ.

NEWS ITEMS.

Ten boys, aged from eight to sixteen, were sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment on April 8, at Jamaica, Long Island, for having stoned an organ-grinder while peacefully following his vocation. On April 10 the organ-grinder died of his injuries.

The New Jersey Legislature refused on April 10 to give negroes the right of suffrage.

The Wisconsin Legislature has extended the franchise to women.

The National Academy of Design, New York City, was opened for the forty-second annual exhibition on April 15.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French and Prussian imbroglio grows more threatening every day; and in spite of conciliatory speeches in the French *Corps Legislatif* by Marquis de Moustier, Minister of State and of Foreign Affairs, and by Count Bismarck in the North German Parliament, a financial panic is the consequence in the principal money capitals of Europe. Count Bismarck in his speech on April 1 stated the issue in regard to Luxembourg to be about as follows: On the dissolution in 1866 of the German Confederation, Luxembourg not desiring to enter the new Confederation on account of the military burdens which she would have to assume, reverted to Holland, of which she had been a part, and which power demanded the evacuation by Prussia of the Luxembourg fortresses. About the same time the King of Holland asked what position Prussia would assume in case he ceded his sovereign rights in Luxembourg to France. Prussia's reply was to the effect that Holland would be held responsible for such a transfer, and her action was the reinforcement of the Luxembourg and other frontier fortresses. Subsequently a proposition was made to quiet matters between the two great Powers by declaring Luxembourg a neutral State.

Two other but smaller specks of war disfigure the European horizon. Greece has excited the ire of Turkey by her too active sympathy with the Cretans; and on April 10 the Sultan is reported to have threatened her with war. The Spanish Government in December last refused to yield to the demands of Great Britain for restoration, with damages and apologies, of the British steamer *Tornado*, seized in 1866 by a Spanish man-of-war on suspicion of being a Chilean privateer; and the Spanish Cabinet ordered the case for adjudication before a prize court by which the vessel was lately condemned. The English Government on April 8 sent several war vessels to Cadiz to enforce its peremptory demands for instant redress, not only in the case of the *Tornado* but also of the *Victoria* seized under the same circumstances. An answer in the case of the first has been given, declining to accede to the demand; the *Victoria* has been delivered up, Spain gracefully yielding to English demands in this case.

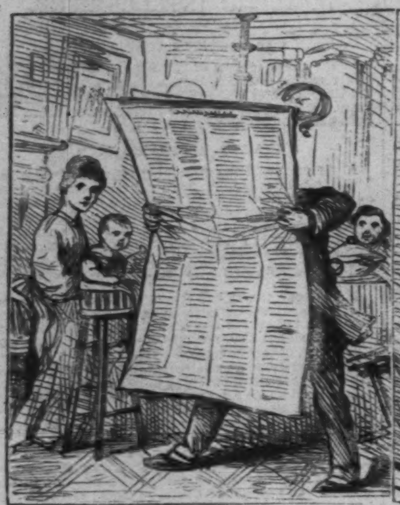
The Liberal party in the English Parliament has divided, and its first effort at amending the Derby Reform bill has resulted in its discomfiture. On April 12 Mr. Gladstone, leader of the Liberals, offered an amendment fixing the voting rate at £5, which, after a long debate, was defeated by a majority for the Government of 21. This it was claimed by the Government organs would save the Derby Cabinet from dissolution.

Patrick Condon, *alias* Massey, the General-in-Chief of the Fenian army operating in Ireland, on being captured, turned Queen's evidence, and is to be the principal witness for the Government in the forthcoming trials for treason.

The Oxford and Cambridge boat race on the Thames came off on April 13, and was won by the Oxford club after the most exciting pull ever witnessed on that stream.

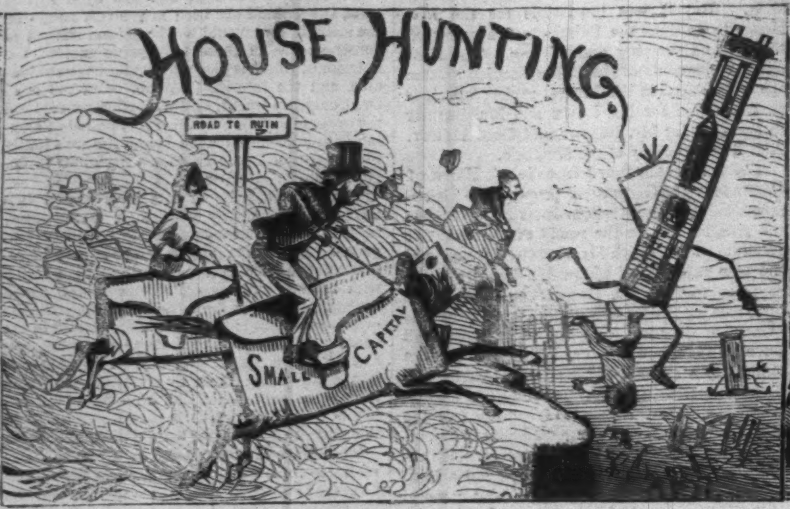
Maximilian's situation in Mexico grows more desperate daily. The siege of Queretaro continues; the Imperial force was not entirely surrounded at our latest dates and was well supplied, and it was believed could subsist itself until May 1, but had no hope of extricating itself from its position. Escobedo on March 22 reported that the besieged force, about 4000 strong, had made a sortie from Queretaro on one of his supply trains, but after a sharp fight had been repulsed and forced into the town again. The siege of Vera Cruz was begun by the Liberals on March 12, on the departure of Bazaine and the French. Dates from the city to April 2 represent the siege to have become more vigorous, and the daily bombardment severer; so brisk, indeed, as to prevent steamers from landing. At that date the water supply had been cut off, and the last beef in the city had been killed and eaten.

The Emperor of Brazil has called out the National Guard, the great reserve corps of the Empire, to reinforce the army in Paraguay. Great discontent prevailed in consequence.

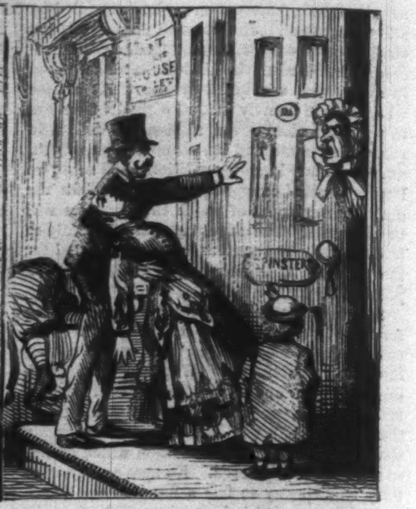


Now he's Got It!

To Let.—A Four-story Brown-stone House, in perfect order, first-class Neighborhood; contains all Modern Improvements. Rent moderate. Apply to ——

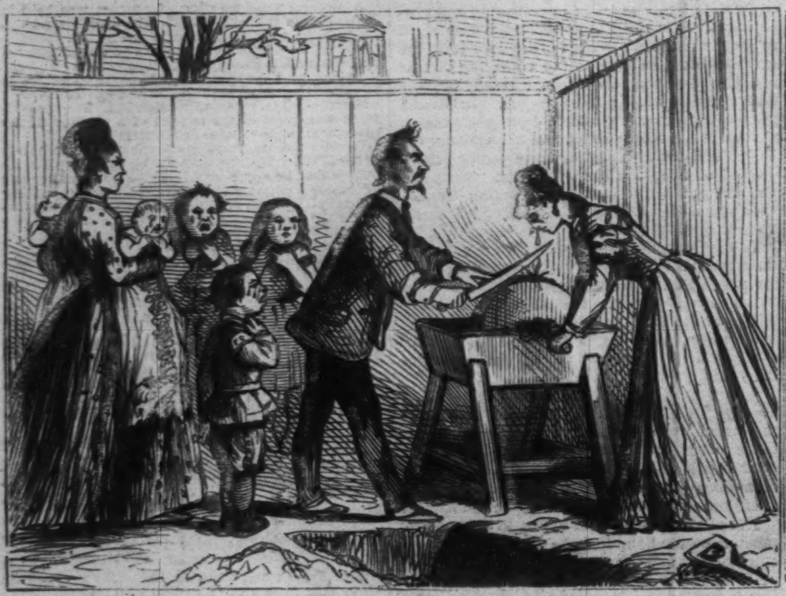


HOUSE HUNTING.
ROAD TO RUIN
SMALL CAPITAL

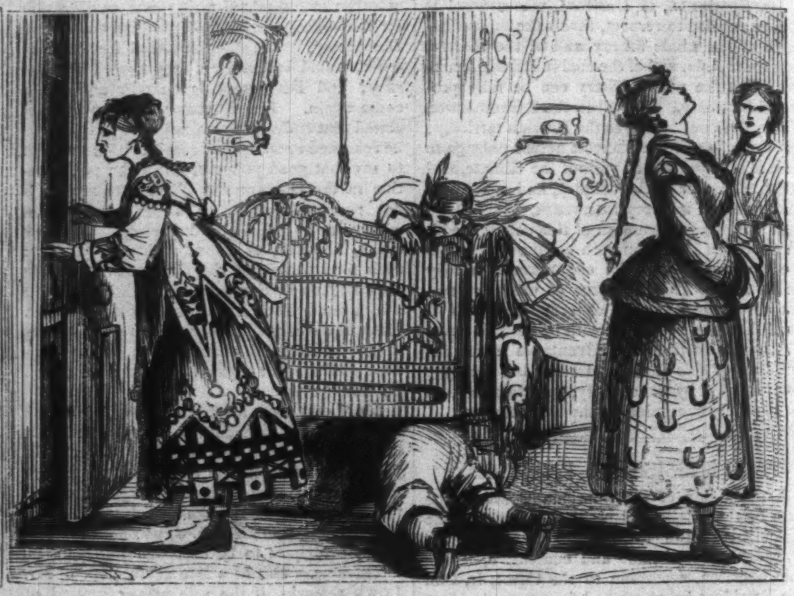


HOUSE TO LET
SPINSTERS

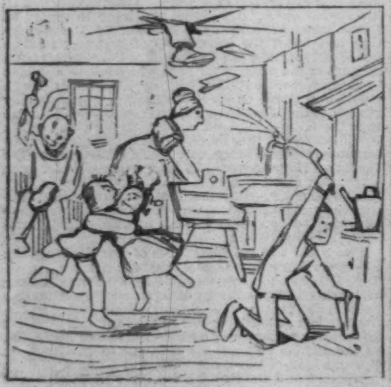
And now he Hasn't!
No Children!



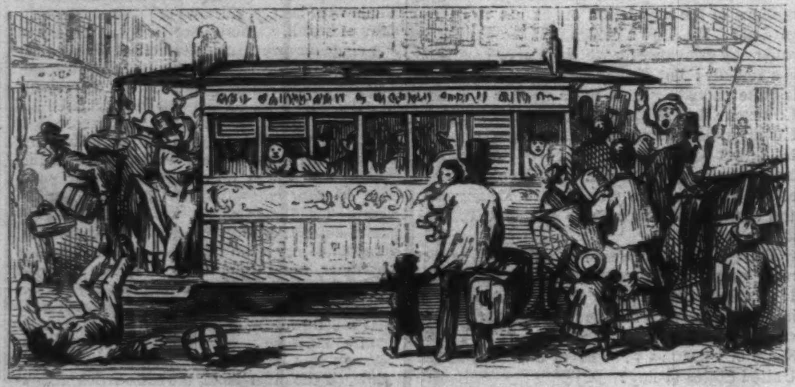
Paterfamilias will not allow his Children to Stand in the Way.



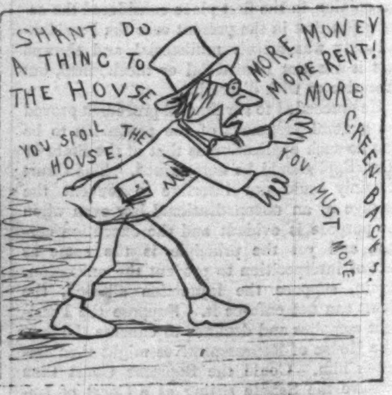
It's *so* Pleasant to Show the House!



A Landlord's Sketch of Tenants.

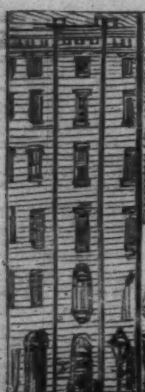


Move up Town and have a Pleasant Drive.

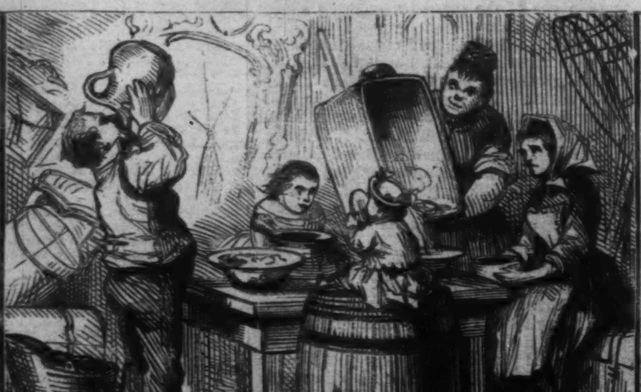


SHANT DO A THING TO THE HOUSE
YOU SPOIL THE HOUSE.
MORE MONEY
MORE RENT!
MORE GREEN BACKS.
YOU MUST MOVE

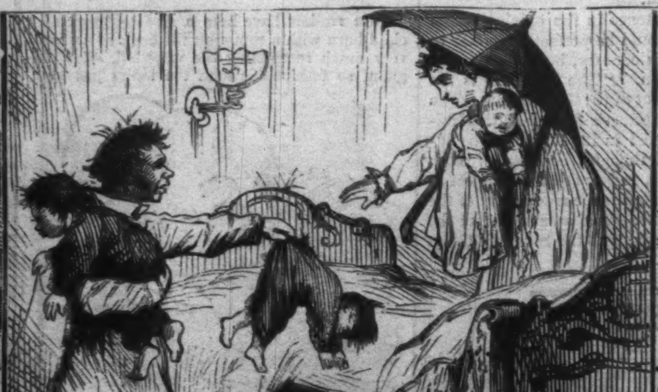
A Tenant's Sketch of his Landlord.



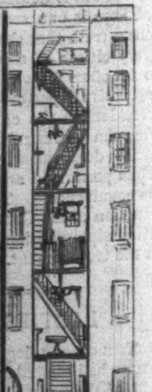
One of those very Stylish Narrow Houses.



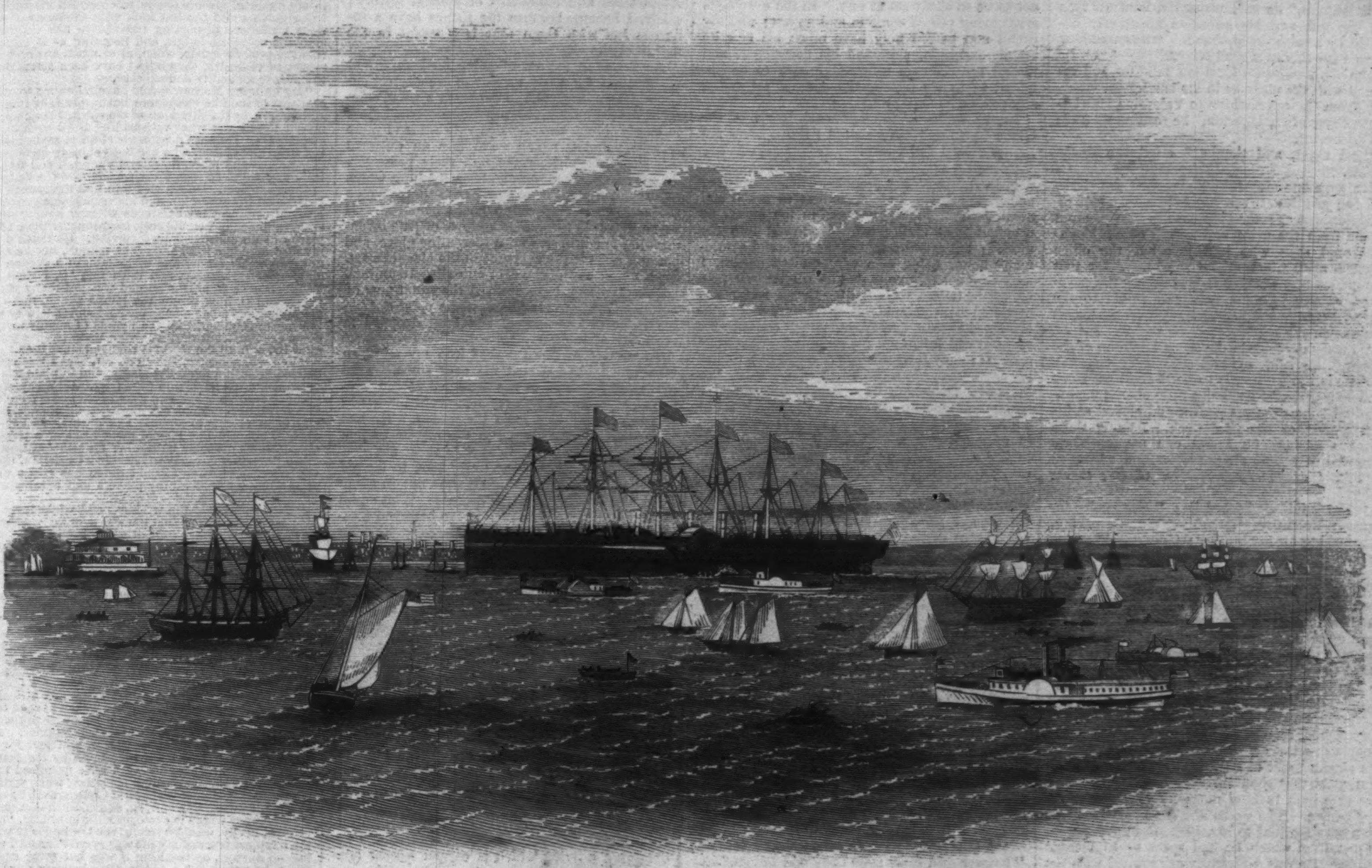
Meals on the First of May.



Our first Rainy Night in the House in *Perfect Repair*



Shows the Plan of the Stylish Narrow House, or Life on the Stairs.



ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP "GREAT EASTERN" AT NEW YORK, April 8, 1867.—[See Page 270.]

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book V.—Relics of the Dead.

CHAPTER I.

BETRAYED BY A BLOTTING-PAD.

At an early hour upon the day on which Valentine Hawkehurst telegraphed to his employer, Philip Sheldon presented himself again at the dingy door of the office in Gray's Inn.

The dingy door was opened by the still more dingy boy; and Mr. Sheldon the elder—who lived in a state of chronic hurry, and had a hansom cab in attendance upon him at almost every step of his progress through life—was aggravated by the discovery that his brother was out.

"Out!" he repeated, with supreme disgust; "he always *is* out, I think. Where is he to be found?"

The boy replied that his master would be back in half an hour, if Mr. Sheldon would like to wait.

"Like to wait!" cried the stock-broker; "when will lawyers' clerks have sense enough to know that nobody on this earth ever *liked* to wait? Where's your master gone?"

"I think he's just slipped round into Holborn, Sir," the boy replied, with some slight hesitation. He was very well aware that George had secrets from his brother, and that it was not judicious to be too free in his communications to the elder gentleman. But the black eyes and white teeth of the stock-broker seemed very awful to him; and if Philip chose to question him, he must needs answer the truth, not having been provided by his master with any convenient falsehood in case of inquiry.

"What part of Holborn?" asked Philip, sharply.

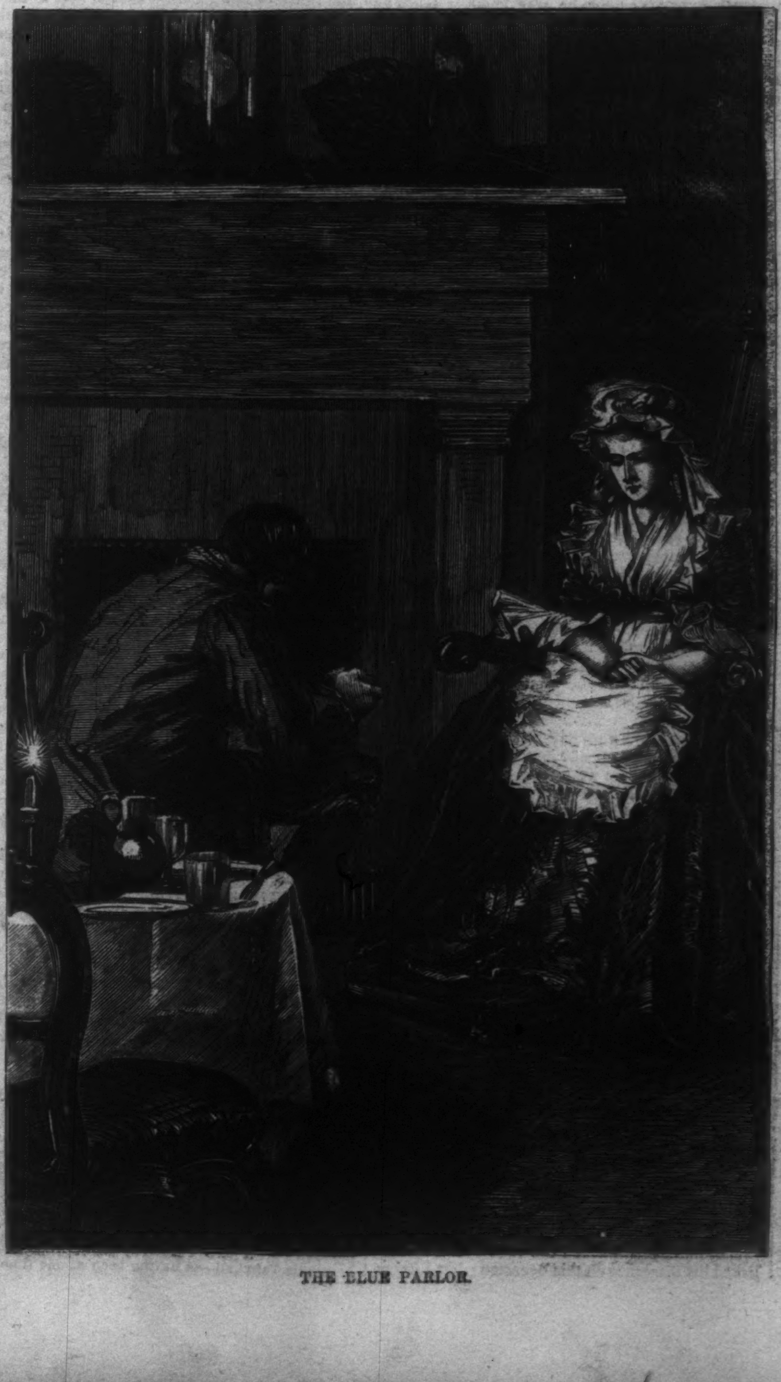
"I did hear tell as it was the telegraph-office?"

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Sheldon; and then he dashed down stairs, leaving the lad on the threshold of the door staring after him with eyes of wonder.

The telegraph-office meant business; and any business of his brother's was a matter of interest to Mr. Sheldon at this particular period. He had meditated the meaning of George's triumphant smile in the secluded calm of his own office; and the longer he had meditated the more deeply rooted had become his conviction that his brother was engaged in some very deep and very profitable scheme, the nature of which it was his bounden duty to discover.

Impressed by this idea, Mr. Sheldon returned to the hansom cab which was waiting for him at the end of Warwick Court, and made his way to the telegraph-office. The ostensible motive of his call in Gray's Inn was sufficient excuse for this following up of his brother's footsteps. It was one of those waifs and strays of rather disreputable business which the elder man sometimes threw in the way of the younger.

As the wheel of the hansom ground against the curbstone in front of the telegraph-office, the figure of George Sheldon vanished in a little court to the left of that establishment. Instead of pursuing this receding figure, Philip Sheldon walked straight into the office.



THE BLUE PARLOR.

It was empty. There was no one in any of the shaded compartments so painfully suggestive of pecuniary distress and the stealthy hypothecation of portable property. A sound of rattling and bumping in an inner office betrayed the neighborhood of a clerk; but in the office Mr. Sheldon was alone.

Upon the blotting-pad on the counter of the central partition the stock-broker perceived one great blot of ink, still moist. He laid the tip of his square forefinger upon it, to assure himself of that fact, and then set himself deliberately to scrutinize the blotting-paper. He was a man who seldom hesitated. His greatest coups on the money-market had been in a great measure the result of this faculty of prompt decision. To-day he possessed himself of the blotting-pad, and examined the half-formed syllables stamped upon it with as much coolness and self-possession as if he had been seated in his own office reading his own newspaper. A man given to hesitation would have looked to the right and the left and watched for his opportunity—and lost it. Philip Sheldon knew better than to waste his chances by needless precaution; and he made himself master of all the intelligence the blotting-pad could afford him before the clerk emerged from the inner den where the rattling and stamping was going forward.

"I thought as much," muttered the stock-broker, as he recognized traces of his brother's sprawling penmanship upon the pad. The message had been written with a heavy hand and a spongy quill pen, and had left a tolerably clear impression of its contents on the blotting-paper.

Here and there the words stood out bold and clear; here and there, again, there was only one decipherable letter among a few broken hieroglyphics. Mr. Sheldon was accustomed to the examination of very illegible documents, and he was able to master the substance of that random impression. If he could not decipher the whole he made out sufficient for his purpose. Money was to be offered to a man called Goodge for certain letters. He knew his brother's affairs well enough to know that these letters for which money was to be offered must needs be letters of importtance in some search for an heir-at-law. So far all was clear and simple; but beyond this point he found himself at fault. Where was this Goodge to be found? and who was the person that was to offer him money for the letters? The names and address, which had been written first, had left no impression on the blotting-pad, or an impression so faint as to be useless for any practical purpose.

Mr. Sheldon put down the pad and lingered by the door of the office deliberating, when the rattling and hammering came to an abrupt termination, and the clerk emerged from the interior den.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "it's all right. Your message shall go directly."

The stock-broker, whose face was half averted from the clerk, and who stood between that functionary and the light from the open doorway, at once comprehended the error that had arisen. The clerk had mistaken him for his brother.

"I'm not quite clear as to whether I gave the right address," he said promptly, with his face still averted, and his attention apparently occupied by a paper in his hand. "Just see how I wrote it—there's a good fellow."

The clerk withdrew for a few minutes, and returned with the message in his hand.

"From George Sheldon to Valentine Hawkehurst, Crown Inn, Ullerton," he read aloud from the document.

"All right, and thanks!" cried the stock-broker.

He gave one momentary glance at the clerk, and had just time to see that individual's look of bewilderment as some difference in his voice and person from the voice and person of the black-whiskered man who had just left the office dawned upon his troubled senses. After that one glance Mr. Sheldon darted across the pavement, sprang into his cab, and called to the driver, "Literary Institution, Burton Street, as fast as you can go."

"I'll try my luck in the second column of the *Times*," he said to himself. "If George's scheme is what I take it to be, I shall get some clew to it there." He took a little oblong memorandum-book from his pocket and looked at his memoranda of the past week. Among those careless jottings he found one memorandum scrawled in pencil, among notes and addresses in ink, "*Haygarth—intestate. G. S.; to see after.*"

"That's it!" exclaimed he; "Haygarth—intestate; Valentine Hawkehurst *not* at Dorking, but working for my brother; Goodge—letters to be paid for. It's all like the bits of mosaic that those antiquarian fellows are always finding in the ruins of Somebody's Baths; a few handfuls of colored chips that look like rubbish, and can yet be patched into a perfect geometric design. I'll hunt up a file of the *Times* at the Burton Institution, and find out this Haygrath, if he is to be found there."

The Burton Institution was a somewhat dingy temple, devoted to the interests of science and literature, and next door to some baths that were very popular among the denizens of Bloomsbury. People in quest of the Baths were apt to ascend the classic flight of steps leading to the Institution, when they should have descended to a lowlier threshold lurking modestly by the side of that edifice. The Baths and the Institution had both been familiar to Mr. Sheldon in that period of probation which he had spent in Fitzgeorge Street. He was sufficiently acquainted with the librarian of the Institution to go in and out uninterrogated, and to make any use he pleased of the reading-room. He went in to-day, asked to see the latest bound volumes of the *Times* and the latest file of unbound papers, and began his investigation, working backward. Rapidly and dextrously as he turned the big leaves of the journals, the investigation occupied nearly three quarters of an hour; but at the expiration of that time he had alighted on the advertisement published in the preceding March.

He gave a very low whistle—a kind of phantom whistle—as he read this advertisement. "John Haygarth! a hundred thousand pounds."

The fortune for which a claimant was lacking amounted to a hundred thousand pounds! Mr. Sheldon knew commercial despots who counted their wealth by millions, and whose fiat could sway the exchanges of Europe; but a hundred thousand pounds seemed to him a very nice thing nevertheless, and he was ready to dispute the prize the anticipation whereof had rendered his brother so triumphant.

"He rejected me as a coadjutor," he thought, as he went back to his cab after having copied the advertisement; "he shall have me as an antagonist."

"Omega Street, Chelsea, next call!" he cried to the driver; and was soon beyond the confines of Bloomsbury, and rattling away toward the border-land of Belgravia. He had completed his search of the newspapers at ten minutes past twelve, and at twenty minutes to one he presented himself at the lodging-house in Omega Street, where he found Captain Paget, in whose "promoting" business there happened to be a lull just now. With this gentleman he had a long interview; and the result of that interview was the departure of the Captain by the two o'clock express for Ullerton. Thus had it happened that Valentine Hawkehurst and his patron encountered each other on the platform of Ullerton station.

CHAPTER II.

VALENTINE INVOKES THE PHANTOMS OF THE PAST.

October, Midnight. I was so fortunate as to get away from Spotswold this morning very soon after the completion of my researches in the vestry, and at five o'clock in the afternoon I found myself once more in the streets of Ullerton. Coming home in the train, I meditated seriously upon the unexpected appearance of Horatio Paget at the head-quarters of this Haygarthian investigation; and the more I considered that fact the more I felt inclined to doubt my patron's motives and to fear his interference. Can his presence in Ullerton have any relation to the business that has brought me here? That is the question which I asked myself a hundred times during my journey from Spotswold; that is the question which I ask myself still.

I have no doubt I give myself unnecessary trouble; but I know that old man's Machiavelian cleverness only too well; and I am inclined to look with suspicion upon every action of his. My first business on returning to this house was to ascertain whether any one bearing his name or answering to my description of him had arrived during my absence. I was relieved by finding that no stranger whatever had put up at the inn since the previous forenoon. Who may have used the coffee-room is another question, not to be so easily set at rest. In the evening a great many people come in and go out; and my friend and patron may have taken his favorite brandy-and-soda, skimmed his newspaper, and picked up whatever information was to be obtained as to *my* movements without attracting any particular attention.

In the words of the immortal lessee of the Globe Theatre, "Why should I fear I know not ……and yet I feel I fear!"

I found a registered letter from George Sheldon, inclosing twenty pounds in notes, and furnished therewith I went straight to my friend Jonah, whom I found engaged in the agreeable occupation of taking tea. I showed him the money; but my estimate of the reverend gentleman's honor being of a very limited nature, I took care not to give it to him till he had produced the letters. On finding that I was really prepared to give him his price, he went to an old-fashioned bureau, and opened one of those secret recesses which can not for three minutes remain a secret to any investigator possessed of a tolerably accurate eye or a three-foot rule. From this hiding-place—which he evidently considered a triumph of mechanical art worthy the cabinet of a d'Argenson or a Fouché—he produced a packet of faded yellow letters, about which there lurked a faint odor of dried rose-leaves and lavender which seemed the very perfume of the past.

When my reverend friend had laid the packet on the table within reach of my hand, and not till then, I gave him the bank-notes. His fat old fingers closed upon them greedily, and his fishy old eyes were illumined by a faint glimmer which I believe nothing but bank-notes could have kindled in them.

After having assured himself that they were genuine acknowledgments of indebtedness on the part of the old lady in Threadneedle Street, and not the base simulacra of Birmingham at five-and-twenty shillings a dozen—thirteen as twelve—Mr. Goodge obligingly consented to sign a simple form of receipt which I had drawn up for the satisfaction of my principal.

"I think you said there were forty-odd letters," I remarked, before I proceeded to count the documents in the presence of Mr. Goodge.

That gentleman looked at me with an air of astonishment, which, had I not known him to be the most consummate of hypocrites, would have seemed to me simplicity itself.

"I said from thirty to forty!" he exclaimed; "I never said there were forty-odd letters."

I looked at him and he looked at me. His face told me plainly enough that he was trying to deceive me, and my face told him plainly enough that he had no chance of succeeding in that attempt. Whether he was keeping back some of the letters with a view to extorting more money from me hereafter, or whether he was keeping them with the idea of making a better bargain with somebody else I could not tell; but of the main fact I was certain—he had cheated me.

I untied the red tape which held the letters together. Yes, there was a piece of circumstantial evidence which might have helped to convict my friend had he been on his trial in a criminal court. The red tape bore the mark of the place in which it had been tied for half a century; and a little way within this mark the trace of a very recent tying. Some of the letters had been extracted, and the tape had been tied anew.

I had no doubt that this had been done while my negotiation with Mr. Goodge had been pending. What was I to do? Refuse the letters, and demand to have my principal's money returned to me? I knew my friend well enough to know that such a proceeding would be about as useless as it would be to request the ocean to restore a cup of water that had been poured into it. The letters he had given me might or might not afford some slight link in the chain I was trying to put together; and the letters withheld from me might be more or less valuable than those given to me. In any case the transaction was altogether a speculative one; and George Sheldon's money was hazarded as completely as if it had been put upon an outsider for the Derby.

Before bidding him a polite farewell, I was determined to make Mr. Goodge thoroughly aware that he had not taken me in.

"You said there were more than forty letters," I told him; "I remenber the phrase 'forty-odd,' which is a colloquialism one would scarcely look for in Tillotson, or in John Wesley, who cherished a prejudice in favor of scholarship which does not distinguish all his followers. You said there were forty-odd letters, and you have removed some of them from the packet. I am quite aware that I have no legal remedy against you, as our contract was a verbal one, made without witnesses; so I must be content with what I get; but I do not wish you to flatter yourself with the notion that you have hoodwinked a lawyer's clerk. You are not clever enough to do that, Mr. Goodge, though you are knave enough to cheat every attorney in the Law List."

"Young man, are you aware—?"

"As I have suffered by the absence of any witness to our negotiation, I may as well profit by the absence of any witness to our interview. You are a cheat and a trickster, Mr. Goodge, and I have the honor to wish you good-afternoon!"

"Go forth, young man!" cried the infuriated Jonah, whose fat round face became beet-root color with rage, and who involuntarily extended his hand to the poker—for the purpose of defense and not defiance, I believe. "Go forth, young man, I say unto you, as Abimelech said unto Jedediah, go forth."

I am not quite clear as to the two Scriptural proper names with which the Rev. Jonah embellished his discourse on this occasion; but I know that sort of man always has a leaning to the Abimelechs and Jedediahs of biblical history; solely, I believe, because the names have a sonorous roll with them that is pleasant in the mouth of the charlatan.

As I was in the act of going forth—quite at my leisure; for I had no fear of the clerical poker—my eye happened to alight on a small side-table, covered with a chessboard-patterned cloth in gaudy colors, and adorned with some of those sombre volumes which seem like an outward evidence of the sober piety of their possessor. Among the sombre volumes lay something which savored of another hemisphere than that to which those brown leather-bound books belonged. It was a glove—a gentleman's glove, of pale lavender kid; small in size for a masculine glove, and bearing upon it the evidence of the cleaner's art. Such might be the glove, of an exiled Brummel, but could never have encased the squat paw of a Jonah Goodge. It was as if the *point d'Alençon* ruffle of Chesterfield had been dropped in the study of John Wesley.

In a moment there flashed into my mind an idea which has haunted me ever since. That glove had belonged to my respected patron, Horatio Paget, and it was for his benefit the letters had been abstracted from the packet. He had been with Jonah Goodge in the course of that day, and had bought him over to cheat me.

And then I was obliged to go back to the old question, Was it possible that the Captain could have any inkling of my business? Who could have told him? Who could have betrayed a secret which was known only to George Sheldon and myself?

After all, are there not other people than Horatio Paget who wear cleaned lavender gloves? But it always has been a habit with the Captain to leave one loose glove behind him; and I dare say it was the recollection of this which suggested the idea of his interference in the Goodge business.

I devoted my evening to the perusal of Mrs. Rebecca Haygarth's letters. The pale ink, the quaint cramped hand, the old-fashioned abbreviations and very doubtful orthography, rendered the task laborious; but I stuck to my work bravely, and the old clock in the market-place struck two as I began the last letter. As I get deeper into this business I find my interest in it growing day by day; an interest *sui generis*, apart from all prospect of gain—apart even from the consideration that by means of this investigation I am obtaining a living which is earned *almost* honestly; for if I tell an occasional falsehood or act an occasional hypocrisy, I am no worse than a secretary of legation or an Old Bailey barrister.

The pleasure which I now take in the progress of this research is a pleasure that is new to me; it is the stimulus which makes a breakneck gallop across dreary fields gridironed with dykes and stone-walls so delicious to the sportsman; it is the stimulus which makes the task of the mathematician sweet to him when he devotes laborious days to the solution of an abstruse problem; it is the stimulus that sustains the Indian trapper against all the miseries of cold and hunger, foul weather, and aching limbs; it is the fever of the chase—that inextinguishable fire which, once lighted in the human breast, is not to be quenched until the hunt is ended.

I should like to earn three thousand pounds; but if I were to be none the richer for my trouble, I think, now that I am so deeply involved in this business, I should still go on. I want to fathom the mystery of that midnight interment at Dewsdale; I want to know the story of that Mary Haygarth who lies under the old yew-tree at Spotswold, and for whose loss some one sorrowed without hope of consolation.

Was that a widower's commonplace, I wonder? and did the unknown mourner console himself ultimately with a new wife? Who knows? as my Italian friends say when they discuss the future of France. Shall I ever penetrate that mystery of the past? My task seems to me almost as hopeless as if George Sheldon had sent me to hunt up the descendants of King Solomon's ninety-ninth wife. A hundred years ago seems as far away, for all practical purposes, as if it were on the other side of the flood.

The letters are worth very little. They are prim and measured epistles, and they relate much more to spiritual matters than to temporal business. Mrs. Rebecca seems to have been so much concerned for the health of her soul that she had very little leisure to think of any thing so insignificant as the bodies of other people. The letters are filled with discourse upon her own state of mind; and the tone of them reveals not a little of that pride whose character it is to simulate humility. Mrs. Rebecca is always casting ashes on her head; but she takes care to let her friend and pastor know what a saintly head it is notwithstanding.

I have laid aside three of the most secular letters, which I selected after wading through unnumbered pages of bewailings in the strain of a Wesleyan Madame Guyon. These throw some little light upon the character of Matthew Haygarth, but do not afford much information of a tangible kind.

I have transcribed the letters verbatim, adhering even to certain eccentricities of orthography, which were by no means unusual in an age when the Pretender to the crown of Great Britain wrote of his father as *Gems*.

The first letter bears the date of August 30, 1773, one week after the marriage of the lady to our friend Matthew.

"Reverend Friend and Pastor,—On Monday sennite we arriv'd in London, wich seems to me a mighty bigg citty, but of no more meritt or piety than Babylon of old. My husband, who knows the towne better than he knows those things with wich it would more become him to be familiar, was pleas'd to laugh mightily at that pious aversion wherewith I regarded some of the most notable sights in this place. We went t'other night to a great garden called by some Spring Garden, by others Vauxhall—as having been at one time the residence or estate of that Arch fiend and Papistical traitor Vaux, or Faux; but although I felt obligated to my husband for the desire to entertain me with a fine sight, I could not but look with shame upon serious Christians disporting themselves like children amongst coloured lamps, and listening as if enraptured to profane music, when, at so much less cost of money or of health, they might have been assembled to improve and edify one another.

"My obliging Mathew would have taken me to other places of the like character; but inspir'd, as I hope and believe, by the direction of the spirit, I took upon myself to tell him what vain trifling is all such kind of pleasure. He argu'd with me stoutly, saying that the King and Queen, who are both shining examples of goodness and piety, do attend Vauxhall and Ranelagh, and are to be seen there frequent, to the delight of their subjects. On which I told him that, much as I esteemed my sovereign and his respectable consort, I would compleat my existence without having seen them rather than I would seek to encounter them in a place of vain and frivolous diversion. He listen'd to my discoorse in a kind and sober temper, but he was not convinc'd; for by and by he falls of a sudden to sighing and groaning, and cries out, 'O, I went to Vauxhall once when the garden was not many years made, and O, how bright the lamps shone, like the stars of heaven fallen among bushes! and O, how sweet the music sounded, like the hymns of angels in the dewy evening! but that was nigh upon twenty years gone by, and all the world is changed since then.'

"You will conceive, Reverend Sir, that I was scandalised by such a foolish rapsodie, and in plain words admonish'd my husband of his folly. Whereupon he speedily became sober, and asked my pardon; but for all that night continued of a gloomy countenance, ever and anon falling to sighing and groning as before. Indeed, honor'd Sir, I have good need of a patient sperrit in my dealings with him; for altho' at times I think he is in a fair way to become a Christian, there are other times when I doubt Satan has still a hold upon him, and that all my prayers and admonitions have been in vaine.

"You, who know the wildness and wickedness of his past life—so far as that life was ever known to any but himself, who was ever of a secret and silent disposition concerning his own doings in this city, tho' free-spoken and frank in all common matters—you, honor'd Sir, know with how serious an intention I have taken upon myself the burden of matrimony, hoping thereby to secure the compleat conversion of this waywarde soul. You are aware how it was the earnest desire of my late respected father that Mathew Haygarth and I shou'd be man and wife, his father and my father haveing bin friends and companions in the days of her most gracious majesty Queen Anne. You know how, after being lost to all decent company for many years, Mathew came back after his father's death, and lived a sober and serious life, attending amongst our community, and being seen to shed tears on more than one occasion while listening to the discourse of our rever'd and inspired founder. And you, my dear and honor'd pastor, will feel for me when I tell you how I am tormented by the fear of backsliding in this soul which I have promised to restore to the fold. It was but yesterday, when walking with him near St. John's Gate at Clerkenwell, he came to a standstill all of a sudden, and cried in that impetuous manner which is even yet natural to him, 'Look ye now, Becky, wouldst like to see the house in which the happiest years of my life was spent?' And I making no answer, as thinking it was but some sudden freak, he points out a black, dirty-looking dwelling-place, with overhanging windows and a wide gabled roof. 'Yonder it stands, Becky,' he cries; 'number seven John Street, Clerkenwell; a queer dingy box of four walls, my wench—a tumble-down kennel, with a staircase that 'twould break your neck to mount, being strange to it—and half-a-day's journey from the court-end of town. But that house was once paradise to me; and to look at it even now, though 'tis over eighteen years since I saw the inside of it, will bring the tears into these poor old eyes of mine.' And then he walk'd on so fast that I could scarce keep pace with him, till we came to Smithfield; and then he began to tell me about Bartholomew Fair and the brave sights he had seen; and must needs show me where the booth of one Fielding had stood—since infamously notorious as the writer of some trashy novels, the dulness whereof is only surpassed by their profligacy; and then he talks of Fawkes the conjurer, who made a great fortune, and of some humble person called 'Tiddy Doll,' a dealer in gingerbread and such foolish wares. But he could tell me nothing of those early preachings of our reverend founder in Moorfields, which would have been more pleasant to me than all this vain babble about drolls and jesters, gingerbread bakers and showmen.

"When we had walked the round of the place, and it was time to take coach for our lodging at Chelsea—he having brought me thus far to see St. Paul's and the prison of Newgate, the Mint and Tower—the gloomy fit came on him again, and all that evening he was dull and sorrowful, though I read aloud to him from the printed sermons of a rising member of our community. So you will see, honour'd Sir, how difficult it is for these children of Satan to withdraw themselves from that master they have once served: since at the sober age of fifty-three years my husband's weak heart yet yearns after profligate faires and foolish gardens lighted by color'd lampes.

"And now no more, reverend friend, my paper being gone and it being full time to reflect that yr patience must be gone also. Service to Mrs. Goodge. I have no more room but to assure you that the gayeties of this foolish and erring citty have no power to withdraw the heart of her whose chief privilege it is to subscribe herself

"Your humble follower and servant,
"Rebecca Haygarth."

To my mind there seems just a shadowy hint of some by-gone romance in this letter. Why did the dingy house in John Street bring the tears into Matthew's eyes? and why did the memory of Vauxhall and Bartholomew Fair seem so sweet to him? And then that sighing and groaning and dolefulness of visage whenever the thought of the past came back to him?

What did it all mean, I wonder? Was it only his vanished youth which poor, sobered, converted, Wesleyanized Matthew regretted? or were there pensive memories of something even sweeter than youth associated with the colored lamps of Vauxhall and the dinginess of Clerkenwell? Who shall sound the heart of a man who lived a hundred years ago? and where is the fathom-line which shall plumb its mysteries? I should need a stack of old letters before I could arrive at the secret of that man's life.

The two other letters, which I have selected after some deliberation, relate to the last few weeks of Matthew's existence; and in these again I fancy I see the trace of some domestic mystery, some sorrowful secret which this sober citizen kept hidden from his wife, but which he was on several occasions half inclined to reveal to her.

Perhaps if the lady's piety—which seems to have been thoroughly sincere and praiseworthy, by-the-by—had been a little less cold and pragmatical in its mode of expression, poor Matthew might have taken heart of grace and made a clean breast of it.

That there was a secret in the man's life I feel convinced; but that conviction goes very little way toward proving any one point of the smallest value to George Sheldon.

I transcribe an extract from each of the two important letters; the first written a month before Matthew's death, the second a fortnight after that event.

"And indeed, honour'd Sir, I have of late suffered much uneasinesse of speritt concerning my husband. Those fits of the mopes of wh I informed you some time back have again come upon him. For awhile I did hope that these melancholic affections were the fruit put forth by a regenerate soul; but within this month last past it has been my sorrow to discover that these gloomy disorders arise rather from the promptings of the Evil One. It has pleased Mr. Haygarthe of late to declare that his life is nigh at an end; and indeed he affects a conviction that his days are number'd. This profane and impertinent notion I take to be a direct inspiration of Satan, of a like character to ye sudden and unaccountable fitts of laughter which have seized upon many pious Christians in the midst of earnest congregations; whereby much shame and discomfiture has been brought upon our sect. Nor is there any justification for this presumptuous certainty entertained by my husband, inasmuch as his health is much as it has ordinarily been for ye last ten years. He does acknowledge this with his own lips, and immediately after cries out that his race is run, and the hand of death is upon him; which I cannot but take as the voice of the enemy speaking through that weak mouth of the flesh.

"On Sunday night last past, the gloomy fitt being come upon him after prayers, Mr. Haygarthe began all on a sudden, as it is his habit to do:

"'There is something I would fain tell thee, wench,' he cries out, 'something about those roystering days in London which it might be well for thee to know.'

"But I answered him directly that I had no desire to hear of profane roysterings, and that it would be better for him to keep his peace, and listen reverently to the expounding of the Scriptures, which Humphrey Bagot, our worthy pastor and friend, had promised to explain and exemplify after supper. We was seated at ye time in ye blue parlour, the table being spread for supper, and were awaiting our friend from the village, a man of humble station, being but a poor chapman and huckster, but of exalted mind and a most holy temper, and sells me the same growth of Bohea as that drunk by our gracious queen at Windsor.

"After I had thus reproved him—in no unkind speritt—Mr. Haygarthe fell to sighing; and then cries out all at once:

"'When I am on my death-bed, wife, I will tell thee something; be sure thou askest me for it; or if death come upon me unawares, thou wouldst do well to search in the old tulip-leaf bureau for a letter, since I may tell thee that in a letter which I would not tell with these lips.'

"Before there was time to answer him in comes Mr. Bagot, and we to supper; after which he did read the sixth chapter of Hebrews and expound it at much length for our edifying; at the end whereof Satan had obtained fast hold of Mr. Haygarthe, who was fallen asleep and snoring heavily."

Here is plain allusion to some secret, which that pragmatical idiot, Mrs. Rebecca, studiously endeavored not to hear. The next extract is from a letter written when the lips that had been fain to speak were stilled forever. Ah, Mistress Rebecca, you were but mortal woman, although you were also a shining light among the followers of John Wesley: and I wonder what you would have given for poor Matthew's secret *then*.

"Some days being gone after this melancholic event, I bethought me of that which my husband had said to me before I left Dewsdale for that excursion to the love-feasts at Kemberton and Kesfield, Broppindean and Dawnfold, from which I returned but two short weeks before my poor Matthew's demise. I called to remembrance that discourse about approaching death which in my poor human judgement I did esteem a pestilent error of mind, but which I do now recognise as a spiritual premonition; and I set myself earnestly to look for that letter which Matthew told me he would leave in the tulip-leaf bureau. But though I did search with great care and pains, my trouble was wasted, inasmuch as there was no letter. Nor did I leave off to search until ev'ry nook and crevvis had been examin'd. But in one of ye secret drawers, hidden in an old dog's-eared book of prayers, I did find a lock of fair hair, as if cut from the head of a child, entwin'd curiously with a long plait of dark hair, which by reason of ye length thereof, must needs have been the hair of a woman, and with these the miniature of a girl's face, in a gold frame. I will not stain this paper, which is near come to an end, by the relation of such suspicions as arose in my mind on finding these curious treasures; nor will I be of so unchristian a temper as to speak ill of the dead. My husband was in his latter days exemplarily sober, and a humble acting Xtian. Ye secrets of his earlier life will not now be showne to me on this side heaven. I have set aside ye book, ye picture, and ye plaited hair in my desk for conveniency, where I will show them to you when I am next rejoic'd by yr improving conversation. Until then, in grief or in happiness, in health and sickness, I trust I shall ever continue, with ye same sincerity,

"Your humble and obliged servant and disciple

"REBECCA HAYGARTHE."

Thus end my excerpts from the correspondence of Mrs. Haygarth. They are very interesting to me, as containing the vague shadow of a vanished existence; but whether they will ever be worth setting forth in an affidavit is extremely uncertain. Doubtless that miniature of an unknown girl, which caused so much consternation in the mind of sober Mrs. Rebecca, was no other than the "Molly" whose gray eyes reminded me of Charlotte Halliday.

As I copied Mrs. Rebecca's quaint epistles, in the midnight stillness, the things of which I was writing arose before me like a picture. I could see the blue parlor that Sunday evening; the sober couple seated primly opposite to each other; the china monsters on the high chimney-piece; the blue-and-white Dutch tiles, with queer squat figures of Flemish citizens on foot and on horseback; the candles burning dimly on the spindle-legged-table; two poor pale flames reflected ghastly in the dark, polished panels of the wainscot; the big open Bible on an adjacent table; the old silver tankard, and buckhorn-handled knives and forks set out for supper; the solemn eight-day clock, ticking drearily in the corner; and amidst all that sombre old-fashioned comfort, gray-haired Matthew sighing and lamenting for his vanished youth.

I have grown strangely romantic since I have fallen in love with Charlotte Halliday. The time was when I should have felt nothing but a flippant ignorant contempt for poor Haygarth's feeble sighings and lamentings; but now I think of him with a sorrowful tenderness, and am more interested in his poor, commonplace life, that picture, and those two locks of hair, than in the most powerful romance that ever emanated from mortal genius. It has been truly said, that truth is stranger than fiction; may it not as justly be said that truth has a power to touch the human heart which is lacking in the most sublime flights of a Shakspeare, or the grandest imaginings of an Æschylus? One is sorry for the fate of Agamemnon; but one is infinitely more sorrowful for the cruel death of that English Richard in the dungeon at Pomfret, who was a very insignificant person as compared to the king of men and of ships.

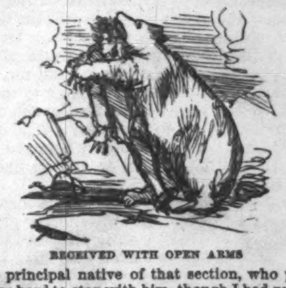
WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS,
60° N. BY 145° W. FROM GREENWICH.

DEAR WEEKLY,—Receiving word from Mr. SEWARD, when I was last in Washington, that there would probably be some new voters added to our population in less than sixty days—Mr. SEWARD's usual reconstruction time—and that the said voters could be found in a neighborhood far north of "fifty-four forty or fight," I hastened up here to see how the news would be received when they heard they had been transferred from the dominion of the Autocrat of all the Russias to be free and independent subjects of the Great American Republic.

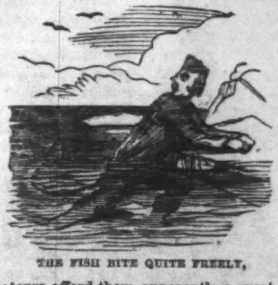
I must speak in the highest terms of the fraternizing qualities of the natives I found here. Soon after I landed from the Northwest Fur Company's steamer I was



RECEIVED WITH OPEN ARMS

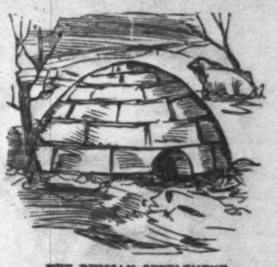
by the principal native of that section, who pressed me very hard to stay with him, though I had purposed getting back to the steamer that night.

On the coast I found the climate of a nature that is called bracing, and I should think for a summer residence it is all that would be required. They have ice in abundance all the year round; the hamlets, cities, and bergs are all ice, and the Governor or Magistrate is called the Ice-berger. As far as the eye could reach the fields were *white* with the harvest, and the ice-crop was very promising. The fishing privileges seemed to be unequaled,



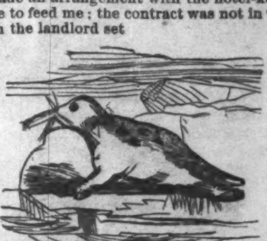
THE FISH BITE QUITE FREELY,

and amateurs afford them apparently a great deal of sport. I found it very difficult to keep out of their way.



THE RUSSIAN SETTLEMENT

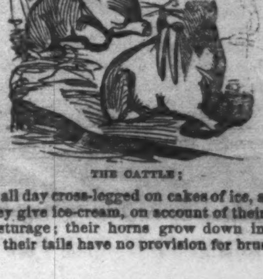
here on the Island of Sitka is an enterprising place. The "wooded tract" Mr. SEWARD speaks of is this year very backward, and from appearances I should say the woodmen will have a poor crop; there is no occasion for any one to sing "Woodman, spare that tree!" as they are spare enough already. At this place I had some dealings with the talking natives, and I made an arrangement with the hotel-keeper of the place to feed me; the contract was not in writing, although the landlord set



THE OFFICIAL SEAL

to the agreement. I had no reason to complain of his not keeping his bargain; I only wish he had also kept his food, as his cooking and ingredients were alike rare.

A wonderful thing in this new land of ours is



THE CATTLE;

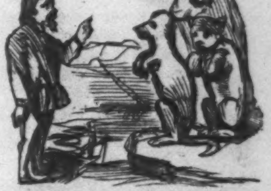
they lie all day cross-legged on cakes of ice, and I suppose they give ice-cream, on account of their peculiar cool pasturage; their horns grow down instead of up, and their tails have no provision for brushing off flies, as both flies and mosquitoes are quite unknown. Worms do not infest the foliage, neither are there continual complainings about the late frost killing the peaches, that source of such annual worriment in many of the Atlantic States.

I have attended many ward meetings in New York, but never saw such "spouting" as I have witnessed among the "big fish" in this country; and if there should come a time when a "rush to the poll" would be sounded, the North Pole offers all the advantages the natives desire.

At present, on account of the thinly clad and settled condition of the country, there is a great coolness between everybody, which is truly painful to the new-comer: and although the sites for "skating rinks" are plentiful, yet, owing to a want of congeniality among the natives, there have been none established. The chief occupation of the natives seems to be in getting something to eat, and among strangers, in keeping from being eaten. I visited all of the important points along the coast and found them covered with ice, and very slippery indeed; I don't think an enemy could ever get a foothold on these shores.

I suppose an enterprising person would have no difficulty in "striking oil" here, certainly he would not if skilled in the use of the harpoon. Oil sells here at about two cents a barrel, and blubber is still cheaper. If some of our Eastern men would come out and bring with them a few derricks and erect them over the whales, they could soon build up a Sperm City rivaling any of the Oil Cities of Pennsylvania.

In visiting the interior I saw beautiful sites for cities, towns, and villages—parks already stocked with animals of all descriptions, lakes already frozen over, mountains and valleys, and the whole landscape a pure white, as if it had just been whitewashed. I wished our New York Street Commissioners could only see of what color the earth is capable. While the folks at Washington are legislating so much for their Southern sable brethren, I hope they will not neglect their Northern



SABLE BRETHREN,

as they seem to be as helpless and as unappreciative of their new situation as any race dare be.

After spending the whole afternoon in exploring the country I returned to the steamer. I can only add, that I think we would do well in buying these possessions, for I never saw a place that was so much in need of buying as this; and as a place to emigrate from it has advantages possessed by none. And if ANDY or BILLY should ever want to "swing the circle" again, they can have the Arctic Circle for that purpose without asking any body's leave.

Your own C. O. W.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FRUITS OF ELECTIONS.—These fruits are generally preceded by the appearance of some early Bri-beries.

"THE TIMES ARE OUT OF JOINT."

There's no accounting for tastes! A young lady, in particular, must be permitted to have odd fancies. Here's an instance:

A YOUNG LADY is desirous of an ENGAGEMENT as Book-keeper in a butcher's business.—Apply by letter, etc.

We must own that it rather takes our breath away to read this. "A YOUNG LADY"—quite so, bless her!—"is desirous of an ENGAGEMENT"—exactly, and matrimonial, of course—but no! an engagement as book-keeper to a butcher. We should as soon expect to hear of a duchess wanting to turn dairy-maid, or of a countess who would be a cheese-monger. A butcher's business is not exactly a pleasant employment for a refined and delicate mind, and we can not conceive the reason for such a choice, unless, indeed, the young lady was on the look-out for a joint, sure.

A man is most liable to become a rake in the hey-day of his youth.

Why is the *Great Eastern* like a new-born babe?—Because she is going to Brest (breast) for the first time.

CONTRADICTORY.—It may seem strange, but it is a fact well known to those who have but a slight and superficial acquaintance with science, that if you keep a fire thoroughly coaled you will probably keep yourself thoroughly warm.

Why is a dishonest bankrupt like an honest poor man?—Because both *fail* to get rich.

A CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN.—To a lady *embonpoint* in figure, and not good-looking in face, you should be careful of saying any thing which she might consider "plump and plain."

How does the Irish Cupid inflict his wounds?—With his "*Arrah*, be jabers!"

"If," as the poet says, "beauty draws us with a single hair," then what—oh, tell us what!—must be the effect of a modern *chignon*?

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.—Pimples on a toper's nose.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.—The number of asses in Ireland has been ascertained to be about 140,000. This figure is exclusive of the Fenians.

It is not at all surprising that the *World* should waver in its political views, especially if it has "axes to grind," for the world is accustomed to turn round every twenty-four hours on its own axis.

Those who denounce a woman's extravagance should read this: "A London shirt-maker has just finished a dozen shirts for a gentleman, the price of which is one hundred and twenty pounds. They are, it is stated, of the finest cambric, and have fronts embroidered with gold thread."

A way to dress,
In the mode, I guess,
Picks a husband's bonds quite clean,
And poor Mr. Spratt,
Must cry, "No fat!"
And his wife will cri-no-line.

MODERN DEFINITIONS.

Water—A clear fluid, once used as a drink.
Dentist—One who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.
My Dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.
Policeman—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.
Doctor—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow.
Author—A dealer in words, who often gets paid in his own coin.
Editor—A poor wretch who empties his brain in order to fill his stomach.
Jury—Twelve prisoners in a box to try one more at the bar.
Lawyer—A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

WANTED.—A girl to dwell in my family, assist my wife in doing the work and give directions generally. Wages not much object, if she will only leave me enough of my income to pay for the crockery that she breaks. If she should not be satisfied with having five evenings in a week, an effort shall be made to give her eight. A sick sister or old mother will be no objection, as we have a spare chamber, and will, if necessary, hire a "nuss" to take care of her. A piano and music supplied free of charge. The use of the parlor for company. No account taken of the tea or sugar that enters or leaves the house.

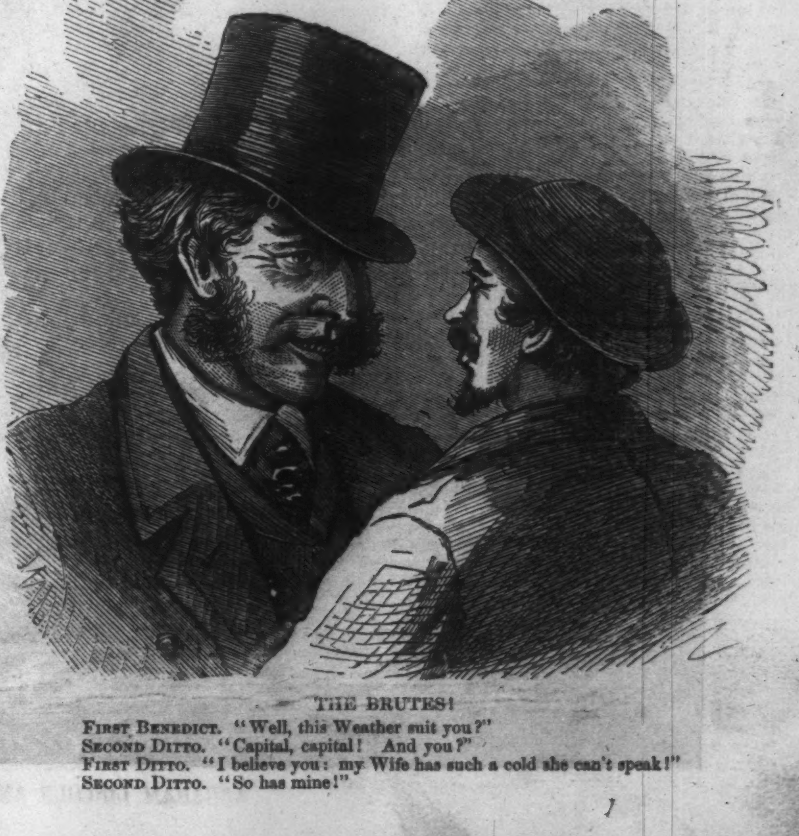
"Here's to internal improvements," as Dobbs said when he swallowed a dose of salts.

A widow lady, sitting by a cheerful fire in a meditative mood, shortly after her husband's decease, sighed out: "Poor fellow! how he did like a good fire! I hope he has gone where they keep good fires!"

If vessels are often found water-tight, why are not teetotalers liable to the same contingency?

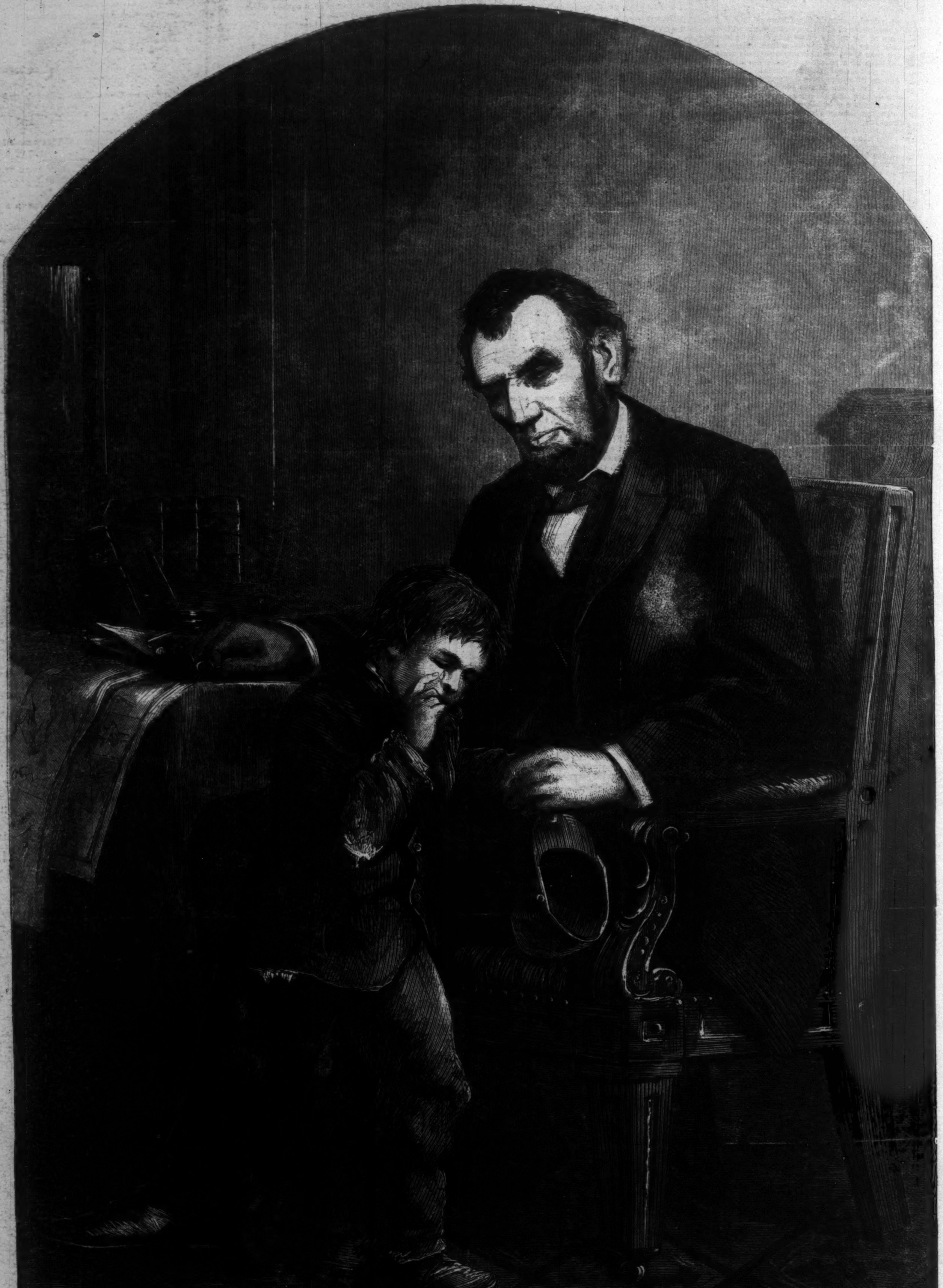
Why is an onion like a piano?—Because it smells odious.

"Your handwriting is very bad indeed," said a gentleman to a young college friend, who was more addicted to boating and cricketing than to hard study; "you really ought to learn to write better." "Ay, ay!" returned the young man, "it is all very well for you to tell me that; but if I were to write better, people would be finding out how I spell."

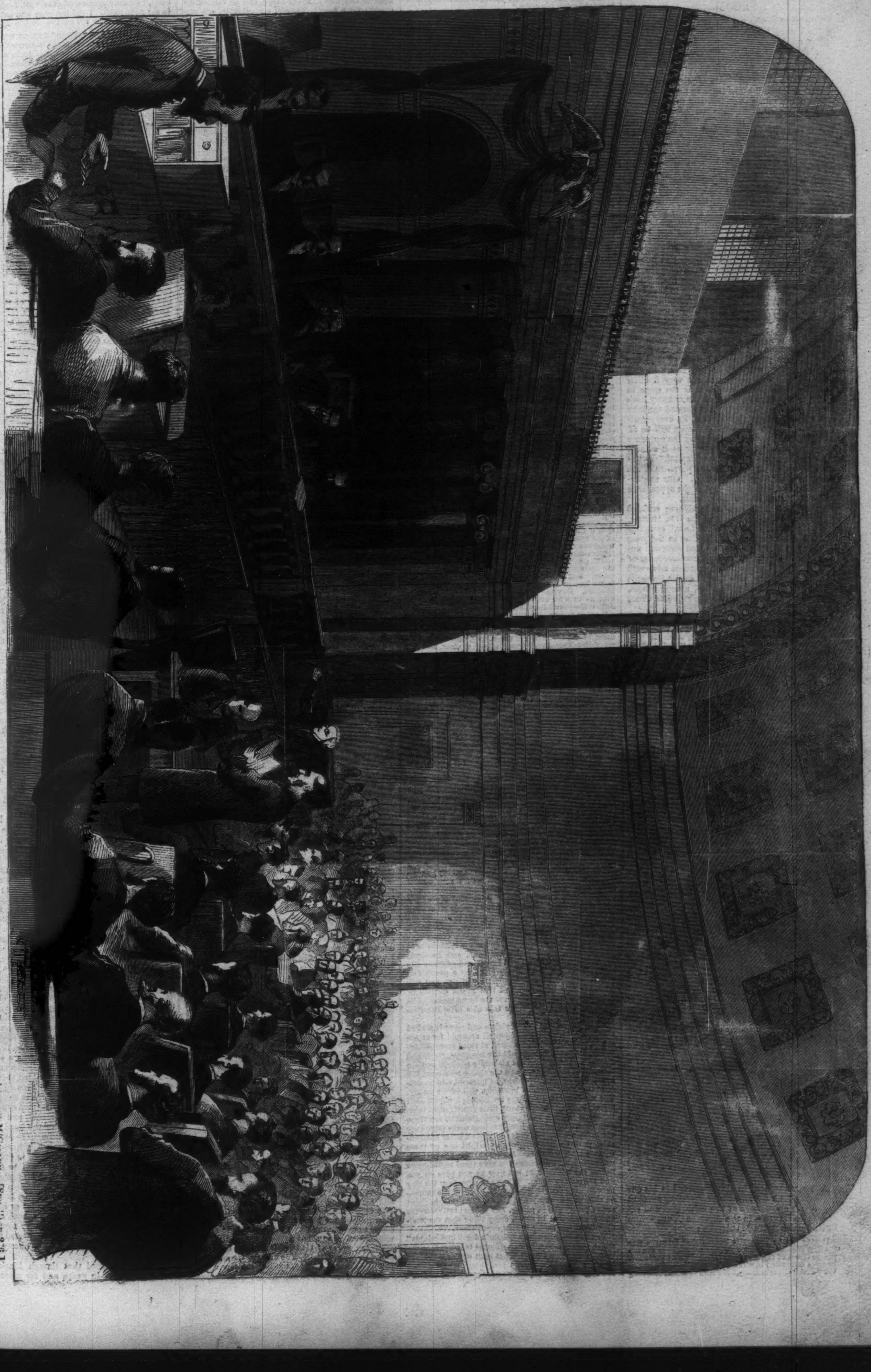


THE BRUTES!

FIRST BENEDICT. "Well, this Weather suit you?"
SECOND DITTO. "Capital, capital! And you?"
FIRST DITTO. "I believe you: my Wife has such a cold she can't speak!"
SECOND DITTO. "So has mine!"



ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE DRUMMER-BOY.—[See Page 267.]



UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT ROOM, WASHINGTON CITY—CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE AND ASSOCIATES HEARING THE ARGUMENTS IN THE MISSISSIPPI INJUNCTION CASE.—Sketched by Andrew M'Callum.—[See Page 266.]

UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT ROOM.

The persons who were attendant in the room of the United States Supreme Court at Washington on April 5 were witnesses to one of the most significant and remarkable scenes which ever occurred in any hall of justice. William L. Sharkey and Robert J. Walker, as counsel for the people of the State of Mississippi, rose in their places and asked leave to file an injunction restraining the President and military commanders from enforcing the Reconstruction Act on the ground of its unconstitutionality. For the first time in the history of any nation, the legal representatives of the participants in an organized rebellion, defeated in the field, were permitted to appear in court, not to defend their clients on trial, but to arraign and deny the authority of the law-making power, and plead anew the issues of the cause already decided by the sword. After accepting the terms of surrender they propose in the Supreme Court to test the very right admitted by their surrender. No greater effrontery on the part of insurgents and rebels against legal authority has ever been witnessed, and no instance of such leniency on the part of any other government can be quoted as this, in which the highest tribunal in the country patiently sits to hear arguments which, if admitted, would declare the war for the Union to have been unjust and oppressive instead of a justifiable effort to preserve the peace of the Union, and maintain the republican form of government which the people enjoyed and demanded.

We have presented a picture of the Court-room on this occasion for several reasons. It marks an important period in the history of Southern Reconstruction, and will be interesting in that connection. The public are not very familiar with the room itself; and as it is the same in which the great statesmen of the country have for the past thirty or forty years framed the laws and interpreted the Constitution, its every feature as well as its every reminiscence will be of interest. The room now in use by the Supreme Court is the old Senate Chamber as it existed prior to the remodeling of the Capitol. It has been somewhat improved for the purposes of the Court by alterations lately made. Our engraving will give the reader an idea of the appearance of the apartment and of the officials.

In a pleasant and readable volume entitled "Bench and Bar: a Digest of the Wit, Humor, Asperities, and Amenities of the Law," compiled by L. J. Bigelow, and at this time in the press of Harper & Brothers, we find recorded numerous pleasant anecdotes and reminiscences of many of the judges and distinguished advocates of the country who have figured in the Supreme Court room. The author gives, among others, the following description of "the Supreme Court in 1835:"

> Miss Martineau, who was in Washington in the winter of 1835, speaks as follows of a session of the Supreme Court of the United States, when the venerable and accomplished Marshall was the Chief Justice: "This Court presents a singular spectacle. I have watched the assemblage while the Chief Justice was delivering a judgment; the three judges on either hand gazing on him more like learners than associates; Webster standing firm as a rock, his large deep-set eyes wide awake, his lips compressed, and his whole countenance in that intent stillness which instantly fixes the eye of the stranger; Clay leaning against the desk, in an attitude whose grace contrasts strangely with the slovenly make of his dress, his snuff-box for the moment unopened in his hand, his small gray eye and placid half-smile conveying an expression of pleasure, which redeems his face from its usual unaccountable commonness; the Attorney-General, his fingers playing among his papers, his quick black eye and thin, tremulous lips for once fixed, his small face pale with thought, contrasting remarkably with the other two: these men absorbed in what they are listening to, thinking neither of themselves nor of each other, while they are watched by the groups of idlers and listeners around them—the newspaper corps, the dark Cherokee chiefs, the stragglers from the Far West, the gay ladies in their waving plumes, and the members of either House that have stepped in to listen—all these have I seen at one moment constitute one silent assemblage, while the mild voice of the venerable Chief Justice sounded through the Court.

From the same volume we give the following reminiscence of Henry Clay, showing his nonchalance and coolness on his first appearance before this august tribunal of learned judges:

> In the long dispute between the States of Virginia and Kentucky, growing out of what was termed the "Occupying Claimant Laws," Henry Clay was retained by Kentucky to maintain her rights before "that tribunal in the last resort," the Supreme Court of the United States. The then Speaker of the House of Representatives was to appear for the first time before that elevated, dignified, and venerable body; and a large concourse of spectators was attracted by a natural curiosity to determine whether the orator of the West would be able to sustain his reputation upon this new and untried theatre. When he rose it was with some slight agitation of manner, but he soon recovered his wonted composure, and held his auditors in admiring attention while he pronounced a most beautiful eulogium upon the character of the sons of Kentucky. The judges sat in their black robes of office sedate and attentive. Judge Washington, who was in the habit of indulging himself with an occasional pinch of snuff, had taken out his snuff-box for a little of that titillating restorative; and Mr. Clay, on observing it, instantly stopped, and advancing gracefully to the Bench, participated with the Judge in the refreshment of his nasal organs. As he applied the pinch he observed: "I perceive that your Honor sticks to the Scotch," and immediately resuming his stand he proceeded in his argument without the least embarrassment. So extraordinary a step over the usual barrier which separates this Court and the barristers excited not a little astonishment and admiration among the spectators; and it was afterward aptly remarked by Judge S——, in relating the circumstance to a friend, that "he did not believe there was a man in the United States who could have done that but Henry Clay."

The same writer has also preserved in his entertaining book the following interesting account of the first appearance of the celebrated and eccentric Jo Daviess in the Supreme Court, before Chief-Justice John Marshall:

> It may not be generally known that Daviess was the first Western lawyer who ever appeared in the Supreme Court of the United States. He had somehow become interested in a large tract of country lying in the "Green River country," the title of which had long been in litigation; and it was agreed that he was to receive one half of the tract provided he could succeed in establishing the claim.
>
> The fame of his genius and eccentricities had by this time become national; but this was to be his first personal appearance beyond the bounds of his own State; and he seems to have determined that it should be marked both by the most splendid exhibition of his intellectual powers and by the most glaring display of his eccentricity.
>
> His entrance into the Federal capital, as described by an eye-witness of the spectacle, must have been worth beholding. On foot, dressed in an old pair of corduroys, ripped at the ankle for convenience of "rolling up," with a threadbare drab over-coat hanging to his heels, and furnished with innumerable capes of various sizes; with shoes dilapidated, muddy, and destitute of strings or buckles (a constant habit with him), and a hat to match. Fancy this stalwart figure, six feet high, stalking solemnly through the street, looking neither to the right nor the left; leading by the bridle a little, black, rough-haired filly, her tail matted into the likeness of a club with cockle-burrs. Over the saddle was hung a small wallet, containing, as afterward appeared, papers and a provision of *gingerbread* and cheese. Such was the trim in which Joseph Hamilton Daviess presented himself for the first time to the eyes of the denizens of Washington. Few who beheld this strange figure pass by could have imagined that the brain under that "shocking hat" was laboring with thoughts the eloquence and power of which would in a few hours astonish the most learned tribunal of the land.
>
> Putting up his mare at an obscure tavern, the stranger relieved himself of his great-coat, when he appeared in a short gray linsey *roundabout;* into one pocket of which he transferred from his wallet a quantity of bread and cheese, while the other received a bundle of papers, tied with a blue yarn string. Thus equipped he issued forth into the street again, the observed of all negroes and idle boys. Arriving as if by chance in front of the building in which the Supreme Court was holding its sittings, he lounged into the bar and took a seat, not ceasing even in that august presence to regale himself from the store in his roundabout pocket. Unknown to all—taking, as it seemed, no particular notice of any thing (yet in reality, as soon appeared, watching every thing with the eye of a lynx), he passed, as he had done in the street, for some awkward countryman on his first visit to the city.
>
> The case in which he was employed was soon called, and Mr. Taylor, of Virginia, the leading lawyer on the other side, arose to speak. He seemed to be advancing swimmingly in his statement of facts preparatory to beginning his argument, when all at once the stranger ceased eating, listened earnestly for a moment, then tapped him on the back, and very quietly corrected him on some point of his statement. Taylor stopped, turned round, and looked at him an instant without replying, and recommenced his remarks, taking no further notice of the interruption; Daviess resumed his eating amidst the smiles of the bar and audience. In a few minutes he again tapped the speaker, and made another correction. This was repeated a third time, when Taylor, becoming irritated at the interruption, begged the Court to protect him from the impertinences of "that person." Judge Marshall, always exceedingly lenient, and supposing now that he saw before him some Kentucky backwoodsman come to see to the progress of his case, and, if things did not exactly suit him, to take it out of the hands of his attorneys—as lawyers know backwoodsmen will sometimes do—replied that the gentleman was, he supposed, one of the parties to the action; as such he had a right to be heard, and that his corrections seemed very just, though irregularly made. But he advised the stranger to leave his cause in the hands of his counsel, one of whom was present in court. Daviess's colleague had by this time got a hint as to who his strange ally really was, and to humor the joke kept silence.
>
> Taylor finished his argument—one of great power and ingenuity—and sat down, not, as may be supposed, in the best of humors. Then, to the amazement of all, the stranger arose, and, throwing aside all oddity of manner, began a speech so clear, so forcible in its compact logic, and so masterly in its exposure of his adversary's weak points, that that gentleman, though well accustomed to the conflicts of the forum, seemed completely paralyzed, and sat like one overwhelmed by some sudden and unavertable calamity. It is said the sweat stood in large drops on his face as he listened to that crushing reply. The man whom he had regarded only as an ignorant or crazy rustic had all at once towered up before him into the proportions of a giant; and it is no wonder if he was confounded by so startling a transformation.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Broadway has blossomed out like the spring flowers; and fair women and very good-looking men hover like bees around the tempting displays. And, indeed, it is quite worth while to spend a spare hour, on one of these balmy days, in studying the shop-windows. No matter what your taste may be—grave or gay, literary or artistic, botanic or gastronomic—whatever longings you have which may be satisfied by *vision*—you are almost certain to gratify them by gazing into our elaborately arrayed shop-windows.

Fourteenth Street is a good point at which to commence a promenade; and even half a mile's walk down Broadway unfolds a wonderful variety of things, new, strange, and beautiful. A skillful use of the eyes may make you contented to examine New York a trifle, instead of crossing the ocean to peep at the wonders of the Paris Exposition. Now, *this* is only a shoe-shop—but look a moment. Boots, shoes, slippers—black, white, blue, red, and every rainbow hue; embroidered, plain, laced, buttoned, and buckled; ornamented with beads and bows; and of every size and fabric. If you have any fancy for a pretty foot this window will prove attractive. If not, you will probably care nothing about that grand display of gloves near by; though gloves are by no means to be despised, especially if there is a nice little hand inside.

Ah! a sweet perfume of violets and roses is wafted on the breeze. It comes from all around; for at every street corner, and stationed at short intervals between, there are baskets of little bouquets, fresh and fragrant. If these are not elaborate enough, pause a moment at this florist's, and the choice rose-buds, the hyacinths, azalias, japonicas, heliotropes, and numerous other sweet-scented blossoms, will surely satisfy. The window of a Broadway book-store is a feast—not merely books, but many tasty little contrivances bearing some relation to literary employments, are there exhibited. One never imagines how many things are *absolutely necessary* in order to write a letter comfortably, until he has carefully examined one of these windows. Then he realizes how barren has been his writing-desk. Perchance you have stood undisturbed before the book-store; but now as you pass on you find yourself in a jam. If you can peep over the tiny hats and big waterfalls, you will discover the cause—an elaborate exhibition of dress goods; rich, brilliant silks; pretty plaids, prints, and piqués; tasty muslins and grenadines; in short, every thing that the feminine heart can desire in that department.

You are beguiled into Schaus's for "one minute" which proves many. But a glimpse is better than nothing, for you go away with at least one or two gems of art so photographed on your brain that not even the vision of millinery which next greets you destroys the impression. What a puzzling array of fanciful bonnets and hats! Every shape, and all diminutive enough for a baby! Tasteful undoubtedly, and certainly ingenious are these airy, fairy, feathery ornaments. But you must not linger at this window glittering with jewels and marvelous fancy goods, nor enter that enticing confectionery, nor suffer your mouth to water unduly at the sight of costly eatables. You came out to *see* and not to buy, and your time for promenading has passed.

Wise and fortunate are those who can brave the perils of Broadway sight-seeing and escape unharmed; that is, without having their pockets picked *by themselves.* Ladies should be especially careful just now how they bring home and exhibit fancy purchases to the "head of the family." In fact it is dangerous. We will whisper the reason to them. Somewhere about this time of year a sober-looking individual rings your door bell, gravely inquires for paterfamilias, and presents him with a mysterious-looking paper. If you are endowed with ordinary curiosity you will take some convenient opportunity of examining this document. On it you will find, in flaming capitals, the ominous words: "United States Internal Revenue—Annual Taxes." This so-called "National Blessing" produces extraordinary effects. Husbands and fathers at once proclaim the necessity of the "strictest domestic economy"—a pet theory which some of them are quite inclined to carry out in a fashion not unlike that alluded to in the following

STANZAS ON THE INCOME TAX.

His wife came back from shopping down town,
With a dear little bonnet without any crown;
And when, with a kiss, she showed him the bill,
With his hands in his pockets he stood stock-still.
And he said, "*You* may buy such little gimcracks,
I couldn't do it with my Income Tax."

He went to Delmonico's, as usual, to dine;
He called for his truffles, and he called for his wine.
When the waiter brought the change, he didn't give him any,
And the cripple on the door-step didn't get a penny.
"'Just before you're generous,'" said he, "shall be my maxim, until I've paid the Government my Income Tax!"

They came to remind him of a promise he had made
To give a thousand dollars to the Freedmen's Aid.
"Yes, yes, I remember; 'twas some time ago;
I rather think—well, yes, perhaps I did say so.
I'd really like to help you take care of the blacks,
But that's just the amount of my Income Tax!"

He bought him a thousand-dollar thorough-bred horse,
And a light road-wagon, with yellow wheels of course;
His wife cried "Good! for ever since our marriage
I've longed for the day when we could keep a carriage."
But he said: "Ah! my dear, you must patronize the hacks;
I have this year a very heavy Income Tax!"

He said to his wife, when the summer was come,
That business required him to travel some;
"I would be very glad if I could take you;
But there are the girls, and it never would do.
With such a large party there's no satisfaction in traveling so long as there's an Income Tax!"

His wife meekly yielding to such a good reason,
Proposed to take the girls to Newport for the season.
"My dear, I'm afraid that you'll have to stay in town
Till the debt is paid off and gold comes down.
Our economies, my love, we must not relax;
You must always remember the Income Tax!"

Some extraordinary discoveries have recently been made in England in connection with magnetic batteries, which render it probable that magnetic light will eventually be used for illuminating our cities. It is stated that all that is required for the perfect illumination of a large city is a tower tall enough to project the light to every portion of it, and strong enough to stand the concussion of the powerful wheel machinery employed. The expense is trifling; and the light is said to be so intense that when brought to bear in full force on a piece of metal at a distance of fifty yards it fused it completely. We suggest that the "full force" be used only in the winter season, when this newly-discovered light will undoubtedly not only put an end to the extortionate demands of the gas companies, but bring down the price of coal in a wonderful degree.

An English writer upon the popular topic of *chignons* says: "Henceforth no right-minded young lady who follows this fashion can properly refuse to submit her chignon, before entering a ball-room, to microscopical examination. It may be painful to her feelings; but she must not be offended if a cautious partner who asks her to dance should just delicately hint a hope that there are no sanitary objections." It may, however, comfort many to know that a certain learned English investigator has declared it his conviction that the so-called "gregarines" are nothing but a sort of *fungus* produced by a mildewed condition of the hair.

A curious divorce case has attracted considerable attention in Dayton, Ohio. The parties have been married only three months. Recently the husband left home for a couple of weeks, and on his return he found his wife had taken steps for obtaining a divorce. It seems that during his absence she had opened and read a letter that was addressed to him. It was a high-flown love letter from some "friend," and written in a way that looked suspiciously like an *answer.* In vain he protested he knew nothing about it; she utterly refused to believe in or trust him again, and is determined to go on with the divorce.

A lady, residing in a certain town in New York State, recently brought an action for assault and battery against a young man for kissing her while occupying the same seat in a railroad car, she being asleep at the time with her head resting on his shoulder. The jury did not agree. Probably some of them thought that a lady who goes to sleep in that position deserves—to be kissed.

A singular story, illustrative of the characteristic Dutch stoicism, is related in an Eastern paper. A certain Mr. Irwin is the proprietor of a fine steam saw-mill, which is a place of resort for sight-seers. Not long ago a German walked into the mill and watched the progress of the big circular saw with much interest. Its rapid motion fascinated him, and stepping up, he applied the index finger of his right hand to the ill-defined periphery, when, much to his surprise, the end of the finger disappeared at the second joint. Very placidly he bound up the stump. Just then Mr. Irwin entered, and the victim of misplaced confidence accosted him thus: "Mr. Irwin, I comes to see your mills. I never comes to see your mills before. So I dakes mine finger like dis (putting the index finger of his left hand to the saw) to feel him, and mein Gott—" The unlucky German, in explaining the first mishap, touched the saw with his left forefinger, which dropped off near the knuckle. Turning to the proprietor, in almost speechless amazement, he finally stammered out: "Mr. Irwin, I comes to see your mills. I haf not seen him before; I vill go avay and I never vill vant to see him any more."

A curious incident occurred recently while a gold-digger was at work in a tunnel in Grass Valley, California. He struck down a piece of rock, when immediately there shot forth a jet of gas, which ignited and singed off half his hair and all his eye-winkers and eyebrows. He beat a precipitate retreat, while the jet spun out after him like the fiery tongue of some destroying monster.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

CHAPTER X.

"BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER."

Six years ago, when Fate had graciously bestowed that white elephant Marian upon Mr. Sutton, he had made an earnest but fruitless attempt to arouse her interest on behalf of some members of his own family. His father and mother were dead, but his brothers and a sister were alive and in high health, and any thing but corresponding circumstances. Mark had been, as has been seen, the successful one of the family. The rest had laid their respective talents up in a spirit of over-caution that had kept both excitement and wealth from their doors. They had all given vent to warning sounds, and been ready with fluent prognostications of evil things to come for him when Mark commenced the speculations that eventually floated him on to fortune. They had stood afar off from him, prophesying that he would go up like a rocket, perhaps, and down like its stick surely, and had generally been sententious and given to declaring that the paths their parents trod, and the lives their parents led, and the modest competencies their parents made, were good and great enough for them.

But when Mark succeeded—when he went up like the before-quoted rocket, and seemed very unlikely ever to come down again, they forgave him for having falsified their predictions, and affably borrowed money of him wherewith to increase their own businesses, and were altogether affectionate, and much imbued with the family mind toward him, as was fit and wise.

Mark Sutton being a plain, practical man, opposed unconsciously to vain expectations of people being nobler than they were, accepted the change in the fraternal sentiments toward himself, and seemed to consider them as the reasonable offspring of common-sense and expediency. He knew that they had all thought him wrong in by-gone days. He knew that they had been wrong in thinking this, and he knew that they knew that he knew it. But he took his triumph meekly, and never reminded them of any thing that they evidently wished to forget, and altogether conducted himself for a while quite after the pattern of the ideal rich relation of romance.

His only sister had married a farmer and grazier of the name of Bowden—a man who was rich in flocks and herds, and who commanded a good market. He had died shortly before Mark Sutton's marriage with Miss Talbot, leaving his widow and four children (all girls) amply provided for, under a will of which Mark Sutton, who was also his nieces' guardian, was sole executor. Shortly after Bowden's death Mark Sutton married, and made that earnest attempt which has been chronicled to interest Marian in his relations—principally in Mrs. Bowden and her daughters. And Marian mutely refused to be interested, and Mark tacitly accepted her decision.

Still though his sister girded against him garrulously down in her own locality in the heart of a midland county, for letting his "fine lady wife wean him from his own flesh and blood," the management of her affairs continued in his hands, and her store increased. From time to time he borrowed money of her, money which was always quickly returned with heavy interest; and at length he persuaded her to let him speculate on her account, which she did, until at the date of the opening of this story the well-to-do widow had become a very wealthy one.

When Mr. Bowden died his eldest daughter, a sharp little girl of twelve, had been removed from school "to be a comfort" to her mother. In sober truth, Mrs. Bowden stood in no special need of particular comfort at this juncture, for the deceased Mr. Bowden had never been much more than the bread-winner to her; and she was a woman blessed with a sound digestion, a good appetite, and an aptitude for finding consolation in solid comforts. But she was a decorous woman, one who never put herself up in the slightest degree against public opinion. So when the clergyman of the little country town where she lived told her "she must live for her children now," and two or three of her neighbors added that if they were in her place they "would have Elly home; none could say how much better she would feel if she kept the dear child under her own eye"—when these things had been duly said, and enforced with the sighs and shakes of the head that are ordinarily and judiciously brought to bear on the bereaved, Mrs. Bowden took Elly home, and at once ceased to think of her object in doing so.

Her uncle and guardian agreed to the plan, thinking perhaps that he could do nothing else, since his wife had made it impossible for other than mere business relations to exist between his sister and himself. So without let or hindrance Miss Bowden came home from school, and grew up in the atmosphere of a country town—grew up just what might have been expected from her parentage, her wealth, and the liberty she enjoyed.

Now it happened that though Mark Sutton was much older in years, and far more experienced on the Stock Exchange than Edgar Talbot, that the latter had obtained a business ascendency over his brother-in-law — an ascendency of a marked and positive character—an ascendency which Mr. Edgar Talbot did not hesitate to employ when it suited his purpose. It had suited his purpose lately to raise heavy sums of money from Mark Sutton, and additionally to make Mark a sort of partner in his ventures. What those ventures were need not be told here. It would be easy to introduce facts connected with the Stock Exchange—easy to employ technicalities in describing them—easy to pad this story with any quantity of business matter, but I shall refrain from doing so. The high stakes for which Edgar Talbot was playing were a brilliant, unassailable social position, and a power of influencing divers governments through their treasuries. The alternations of his luck will be marked, but there is no need to describe each card as he plays it.

The last effort of this embryo Rothschild's mind over Mr. Sutton resulted in the latter attempting to negotiate a loan with his sister, Mrs. Bowden. He had every reason to suppose that she would accede willingly to his proposition. The fortune her husband had left had been more than doubled by her brother's judicious investments. But Mrs. Bowden was a cautious woman, and now that it had come to Mark wanting to borrow a very heavy sum of her, she suffered no sentiments of gratitude for the luck that had hitherto attended his speculations on her behalf to intervene, but resolved not to give him a favorable answer until she had seen him, learned his views, understood his plans, and won through his wife an introduction into society for Miss Bowden.

London life—at least the London life led by Mr. and Mrs. Sutton—loomed largely in the atmosphere of that little country town where Mrs. Bowden lived. Partly through ignorance, and partly through pride, she overrated the position of Mark and his wife. In his quiet, unobtrusive way he had put Marian before his own people as a star of great magnitude; and so Mrs. Bowden, away out of reach of the crucible where Mrs. Sutton's pretensions could be tested, fell into error respecting her sister-in-law, and pictured her as one of the most brilliant, persistent, and powerful votaries of pleasure and fashion. It may be added that Mrs. Bowden's notions as to the career run by one of these favored beings had been gathered from a diligent perusal of the novels of the silver fork school. What added pungency to the desire she had to introduce Elly to Mrs. Sutton was the belief she had that through that lady's influence Ellen would marry well—at any rate, be induced to forget an old friend who had grown up loving and loved by her.

So when Mark Sutton asked a good big favor of her, she determined to make the granting of it well worth her own while.

"Before I lend the money to you I should like to have a conversation with you. It would be idle to seek to draw Mrs. Mark and you out of the gay vortex by inviting you here, so I shall take Elly up to London for a month, starting to-morrow, when we shall have opportunities of meeting."

Then she went on to give him her London address—a good family hotel in Piccadilly, for it was no part of her plan to force herself upon him at his house until he entreated her to come.

He had received this letter (only the housemaid who lighted the fire the following morning with the torn copies of it knew what it had cost Mrs. Bowden in the inditing of it) on the day that witnessed the Lyons' advent at Edgar Talbot's house. During the evening he had communicated the contents of it to Edgar, adding that he had said nothing about it yet to Marian, as she shrank from all association with his family.

"She must get over that falsely fine folly in this case," her brother said, almost harshly; "you must make Marian civil to your sister." Then he took Mrs. Bowden's note and glanced over it again, sneering and laughing to himself at that phrase about the "gay vortex," and added, "She comes up to-day, I see; you must make Marian call on her to-morrow."

Somehow or other it hurt Mark Sutton to hear this tone used about his wife, even by her own brother. "I will ask her to do it," he answered, curtly.

"Ask her, and you know what she'll say, or at least what she will look if you 'ask' her in that tone; you must make her do it, Mark."

"That I can not."

"Then I can."

Edgar Talbot spoke abruptly and imperiously, and Mark Sutton had to fall back upon the old, ever-recurring situation of accepting what Edgar had spoken, in dread lest he should speak still worse things. It was always well within the bounds of probability that Marian might have been guilty of some act of folly with which her brother was acquainted, though her husband was not.

"If her regard for me" (Mark Sutton spoke in a very low, humble tone)—"if her regard for me prompts her to please me by calling on my sister, I shall be grateful to her; but I will not coerce her."

He spoke so decidedly that Edgar Talbot said no more to him about the matter. But the following day—long before Mrs. Lyon had got herself and her scruples under way for the studio—Mr. Talbot had called on Mrs. Sutton, and made her see the propriety not so much of calling on Mrs. Bowden without delay, as of obliging him.

"You will be prepared to meet them then, I hope, for I am sure I shall not know who else to ask," she said, scornfully. To which he replied:

"Oh, nonsense! that sort of thing is all nonsense; women's minds are always running on the necessity for organizing dreary social gatherings. You need not ask me or any one else to meet them—only be civil to them."

"How?"

"That I leave to you," he replied, rising up to go away. "I only tell you to lose no time about it."

So it came to pass that Mrs. Sutton, instead of going to the studio, went to call on her husband's sister.

It was about as distasteful an employment as could possibly have been conceived for her by her worst enemy. The widow was far from being the most terrible part of the trial to Marian. Mrs. Bowden was a happy, hearty, large, buxom woman, who made a merit of and reveled in her lack of refinement. She was honest, outspoken, healthy, and aggressively high-spirited and hilarious. There was a touch of sly humor in the way she made manifest her perfect understanding of the causes which had brought Mrs. Mark to call upon her at last; and Marian recognized this touch, and appreciated it as a species of cunning insight into other people's feelings that was twin to her own. Moreover, for herself, Mrs. Bowden wanted nothing of the fair, selfish lady, whose power of giving was gained entirely from Mrs. Bowden's brother. A course of shopping, methodical and unceasing during the week, and a course of musical services at one of the churches most celebrated for its choir on Sundays, was all Mrs. Bowden desired for herself in the way of metropolitan gayety. But she asked for more than these things for her daughter.

The girl was standing by the window when Mrs. Bowden came into the room, looking out upon the ceaseless stir and excitement in which she had no share, and half wishing herself at home again, where every spot had its interest, and every hour its occupation for her. She looked out upon a butcher's shop, a publishing office, and a cab-stand. There was nothing visible of the glory and grandeur, of the beauty and fashion of which she had heard and read. The high street of their own little country town could show them brighter and more seductive shop windows than any she could see from her post of observation in this excellent family hotel. Overladen omnibuses—they seemed overladen to her—horribly horsed cabs, and long lines of earnest, anxious-looking pedestrians! The heart of the country girl sank down as she looked out on these things, and felt despondingly that she had nothing brighter before her for a month. As this conviction smote her, "Mrs. Sutton" was announced, and she turned and acknowledged that something brighter was before her already.

Marian has been already described. Picture her now as she came in with a bright, light, rose tint on her cheeks, the effect of the winter air and of annoyance that was hardly subdued. She looked pretty, graceful, smooth. There was a promise about her appearance of those better things which Miss Bowden had vaguely expected to find in London. She welcomed them, and made manifest her sense of the relationship that existed between them in a few simple words that seemed to Elly Bowden the perfection of sound. Mrs. Sutton was neither too warm nor too cool to them. She had, in truth, made a little study of the manner it would be advisable to bring to bear upon them, and she was perfect in her part, hard as it was for her to play to such an audience.

To the girl who turned from the window to meet her, Mrs. Sutton took a contemptuous dislike at once. Theoretically she had always despised the Bowdens, and held aloof from them, as has been seen, and now at sight of them she declared to herself that her theory was justified. There was no appeal against that decision, no softening influence in the mother's evident pleasure, and the girl's evident gratitude to her for having come at all. She contrasted Miss Bowden's healthy, mottled, plump cheeks with her own little, delicate, fair face; and when the girl put a great, hearty, rather red hand out to her, Mrs. Sutton had strong need to remember all her brother's injunctions before she could bring herself to touch it with cordiality.

"I bring a message from Mark; he will give me an hour here alone to get acquainted with you, and then he will call for me," she said, turning to the beaming Mrs. Bowden, who forgave the estrangement at once, after a generous fashion that Marian would have thought utterly incompatible with her sister-in-law's manner and provincialisms, had she given herself to the consideration of such trifling causes and effects. And then Mrs. Bowden, after declaring that she "should be glad to see her brother at any time," grew affectionately communicative to his herald, until Mrs. Sutton had to strengthen herself by the reflection that an hour is only sixty minutes, and that "every thing must come to an end."

By-and-by Mrs. Bowden made an excuse for banishing her daughter for a while, in order that she might discuss some of her own hopes concerning Ellen and Ellen's character with the new relative, about whose magically refining touch Mrs. Bowden permitted herself to be very hopeful.

"Is that your eldest daughter?" Mrs. Sutton inquired, as Miss Bowden went away from the room, reluctantly, in obedience to the maternal behest, to search for something that she had grave doubts as to her mother having brought with her, and no doubt at all as to her mother not wanting. Mrs. Sutton made this inquiry in order that it might be understood that she had never pursued the subject of Mark's relations with keen interest. In fact, she was keeping the "word of promise" she had given Edgar Talbot "to the ear, and breaking it to the sense" in that there was nothing tangible in her manner, of which Mrs. Bowden, a woman who was acute enough in her feelings, could take hold and complain even to her own heart about; so she answered now in perfectly good faith:

"Yes, my eldest, and though I say it, who shouldn't say it—though why a mother shouldn't I have never been quite sure—as good a girl as ever lived; foolish, as young people will be, you know, my dear, very foolish indeed."

"Indeed," Mrs. Sutton replied, with the faintest possible accent of interest.

"Yes," Mrs. Bowden responded warmly, to even that faint tone of interest, for her heart was wholly with her children, and she grew very thoroughly in earnest the instant aught concerning them was mooted. Then she went on to tell how Elly had given her heart to the son of an old neighbor of theirs, a "young man who was deserving enough, but who came of a stock who never could do more than pay their way, and whose way was a hard one. I have nothing to say against John Wilmot," she added; and Mrs. Sutton looked serene indifference to any thing that could possibly be urged in extenuation of or in malice against him. "I have nothing to say against John Wilmot, but Elly might do better—and she will get to feel that after seeing more of you."

In a moment the indirect flattery made its mark. The insatiable, grasping vanity of the woman who listened made the commonplace words of the one who spoke dangerous, and productive of evil consequences. Mrs. Sutton liked to feel that in her more graceful presence was the power of making a true-hearted, contented girl feeble and dissatisfied. There would be a double satisfaction in doing this. She would at once revenge herself on these people for being connected with her (in itself an unpardonable audacity), and she would prove to her husband and her astute brother Edgar that they had erred in forcing this personal communication upon her. There was nothing Mrs. Sutton liked better than hurting some one else when she was offended. If she could make the offender suffer it was good; if she could not, she would in some way wound the next nearest, and be satisfied. These Bowdens were innocent of all wrong toward her (save the original one of being her husband's kin); but not the less did she mean to make them smart if she could do so with such a smiling exterior as would save her from being found out.

"When people put themselves out of their proper places it serves them right if they suffer for it," Mrs. Sutton thought placidly, as she sat and listened to Mrs. Bowden's hopeful predictions concerning the future of her daughter, if by any happy chance John Wilmot could be put out of her head. The thought that she could deftly put in a few refining touches of sorrowful experience on the canvas of Elly's life, almost reconciled the elegant aunt to the prospect of the companionship of the inelegant niece for a time. The girl had, during their short colloquy, betrayed something like a genuine love for the home and the friends she had so recently left; and this had roused a spirit of antagonism in Marian, who had not a genuine love for any thing save herself. "If they force her upon me she shall go home and find her John Wilmot tame, dull, and unprofitable," Marian thought, when Mrs. Bowden had finished her unwise revelations. "They will all bore her, and she will never be fit for any thing better, and it will serve her right for putting herself out of her proper place." It would have been malevolence on the part of an old, ugly, unattractive woman to harbor such thoughts as these. For the wording of less hurtful ones old women have struggled in horse-ponds, and been otherwise tortured by their more enlightened fellows as witches, dangerous to the community. But Marian Sutton "was fair and young and beautiful exceedingly;" moreover, she did not word her thoughts, nor did she suffer the reflection of them to appear on her face as they rippled through her mind. Both Mrs. Bowden and Ellen were delighted with her, and with the suggestive half-promises she made of future intercourse—delighted with and charmed by her long before Mark Sutton came to fetch her and welcome them.

There was rather a fuller exhibition of family feeling made when he arrived. Mrs. Bowden had restrained herself with difficulty before, but when he came she would ask what he thought of Elly? and point out in what respect that young lady resembled the Suttons more than the Bowdens. "She favors her father about the eyes, and her hands are the same shape as his; but in all else I see our mother in her, don't you, Mark?" Mrs. Bowden asked, looking with affectionate, admiring eyes on the blooming, buxom girl, who lapsed into awkward consciousness of a terribly crushing nature under the ill-advised observations. It worried Miss Bowden and nearly made her cry to see Mrs. Sutton's eyes settle upon the hands quoted, and travel slowly over their length and breadth. They grew redder and thicker while the tour of inspection lasted. The handsome ring the girl wore seemed to make the finger it was upon stand out in cruelly strong relief, in a way it had never done before, poor Elly could have vowed. Miss Bowden's sole previous experience of great ladies (in her amiable ignorance she placed Mrs. Sutton at once in her list) had been gained from the squire's wife down at Bayford, a kindly old lady, before whom Elly never trembled and distrusted her own hands. But this remembrance brought her no relief now, as she sat wondering what it was that made her so different to her uncle's wife.

CHAPTER XI.

SELF-DECEPTION.

THE winter months wore away, speedily for some of these people whose fortunes we are following, slowly for others, surely for all. Mrs. Lyon, for instance, found the life she had undertaken to lead for Miss Talbot's benefit very different to that which she had anticipated leading. There was less variety, less excitement, less dining out and dinner giving, less dressing, less dancing, less amusements altogether, and, consequently, less occasion for her to urge faint protests against dissipation than she had confidently looked forward to being able to do. Accordingly sometimes the hours lagged, and the days seemed long, and every thing a mistake. On the other hand, Blanche, also, found it all very different to her preconceived fears. Now that Mr. Talbot had established Mrs. Lyon as Trixy's chaperon and guardian angel in society, he seemed quite contented to keep Trixy very much out of society. In short, he instituted a quiet, regular routine, which Blanche saw established with very great pleasure, and which she helped very materially to maintain in unbroken integrity.

"I have a good deal on my mind, and I do not care to go and stand about on other people's staircases just now; you must go without me, Trixy," Edgar Talbot said to his sister, when an invitation for the whole party (which Mrs. Sutton had procured for them) arrived shortly after Mrs. Lyon and her daughter had come to live with them. "Nor do I, not a bit, Edgar," Trixy had replied, eagerly. Then Miss Talbot had gone on to give her brother several excellent and unanswerable reasons against her going out for a while. And he being glad to keep his home circle intact, accepted them after a brief protest.

"But the Lyons! It's not fair to cage Miss Lyon here in solitude," he said to his sister.

Trixy moved her shoulders with a little, impatient gesture. Something had made the girl very clear-sighted about many matters, and she saw, as in a crystal ball, that Blanche Lyon was as averse, or rather as indifferent, to miscellaneous gatherings as she was herself. Miss Talbot accounted for this fact very readily and very bitterly, when she condescended to take counsel of herself concerning it. The two young painters—the genuine artist and the dashing amateur—were not about in the set to which Edgar and the Suttons had access; "and she only cares to meet her cousin," Trixy thought, indignantly, as she answered:

"Oh, a home life suits the Lyons best: they say so. Pray don't think of them."

But Edgar did think of them, or, at least, of one of them, and pleased himself harmlessly by thinking what a good thing it was that "a home life suited them best;" it suited him best too. When some of his ships came home—when some of the schemes now trembling in the balance between failure and success were assured of the latter—when, in fact, the scores of brilliant probabilities that had rather overset his judgment of late, and made him rash, resolved themselves into accomplished facts—then he would speed his his wooing, and Blanche Lyon and he would have a home life worth living.

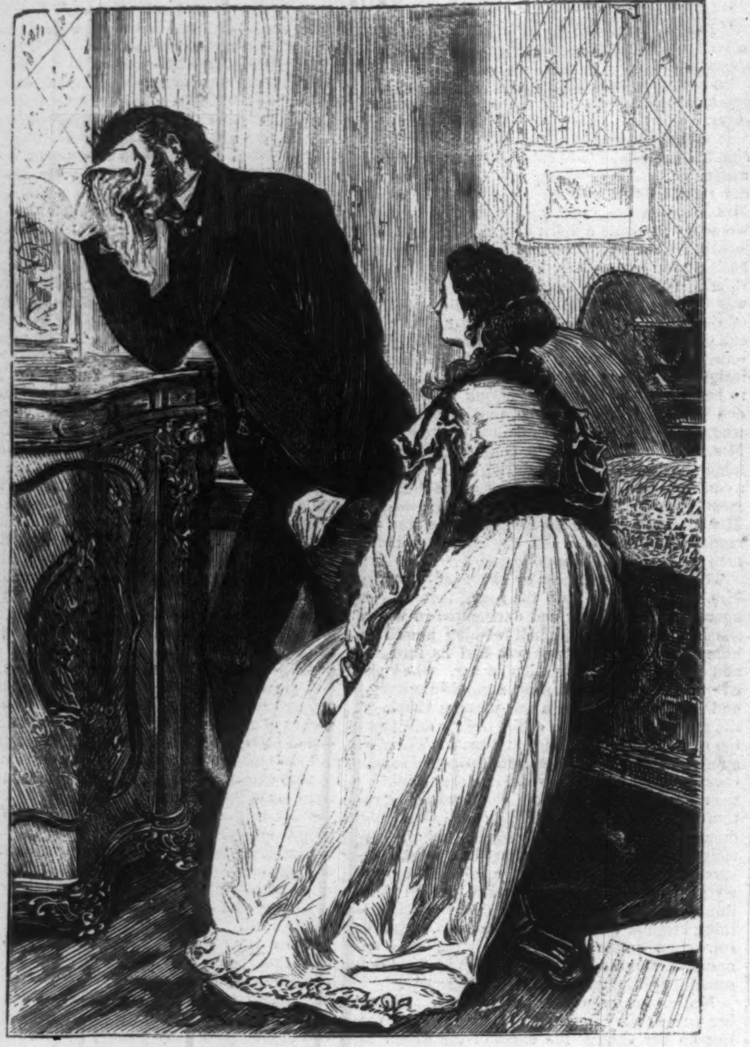
So he thought and hoped and planned for the future, and meanwhile tried to be very well satisfied with things as they were. Blanche Lyon was evidently becoming interested in him, he felt. She showed it in the thousand delicate, minute, almost imperceptible ways in which a refined woman can show it, he assured himself. She was interested in his family, interested even in that praiseworthy but minor matter of his brother's success. In a conversation she had with him one day—a conversation in which she was quite carried out of the customary calm which marked her demeanor toward him—she spoke out some of her thoughts as to the relative merits of Mr. Bathurst's and Mr. Lionel Talbot's works in a way that nearly cured Edgar of his jealousy of the former. "You compare them! You actually compare them!" she said, in the petulant tone of one who is stung out of all power of proving the comparison odious by its having been made at all. "They are on such different levels that you must pull one up or drag the other down in doing it: it's not fair to your brother."

"The time has not arrived, in your estimation, then, for Cæsar to be praised without derogating from Pompey."

"Your quotation hardly fits the subject. If you do not feel what I do about it, Mr. Talbot, it is hopeless to try and teach you. I appreciate all Frank Bathurst has done, and is trying to do, and thinks he is trying to do. I think it is very good of him, in a way, to make the attempt to be something more than other people have made him; and I hope his picture will be well hung and well mentioned, and then he can go on painting and having something to think about; but it's absurd to compare him with your brother."

She was a woman who emphasized her words ever so slightly, often laying the stress in the wrong place. In this case she rather softly breathed upon than emphasized the last word but one of her sentence. And Edgar Talbot felt that it would be well sometimes, perhaps, for his wife to be well disposed toward Lionel, all for his (Edgar's) sake, of course. Among other things, he had lately invested Lionel's money in some dazzlingly promising shares on his own account. When the bark of fortune came sailing in, he felt that it would be agreeable to acknowledge the temporary obligation to Lionel, by giving him as large a share as he chose to take in the home life he (Edgar) contemplated. "Do you really feel this about my brother?" he asked, almost tenderly; and Blanche turned her face full upon him, covered, as it was, with a quick, hot blush, as she replied, "Indeed, I do; indeed, I do, Mr. Talbot." He was resolved to bide his time. But his dream of bliss promised very fairly, he felt.

Meantime Mr. Frank Bathurst, in blest unconsciousness of the exact nature of his cousin's sentiments toward him, went on painting in and painting out his Venuses, and enjoying his life, and cherishing his own notions regarding the daphne, and finding the quiet evenings Lionel and he frequently spent at Edgar Talbot's house better than any other form of entertainment his wealth and position procured him. For some reason or other best known to himself, Mr. Talbot had not fulfilled his threat of requesting Lionel to keep Mr. Bathurst from familiar communion with the home circle. Marking Blanche's manner to Mr. Bathurst with the naturally im-



"TRY TO KEEP FIRM AND TRUE"

partial and unprejudiced eyes of a man who was in love with her himself, Edgar Talbot still saw nothing and feared nothing that could by any possibility affect his peace of mind about her. She was very frank and cordial with Mr. Bathurst; indeed, she talked a great deal more to that blithe and well-satisfied gentleman than she did to any one else. But—and in this, at least, Mr. Talbot did not deceive himself—though she talked to Frank Bathurst more than to any one else, he was far from being the most interesting person to her in the room. She talked to him, and openly expressed pleasure at seeing him; and that the pleasure was unfeigned was patent to any one who chanced to glance at her when the two young men would be announced, and she let him see that the relationship he so ardently claimed was an agreeable fact to her, which, indeed, it was, for the reasons given in a former chapter. So all these circumstances combined to make the quiet domestic evenings exciting and delightful to Frank Bathurst. They were exciting enough to Trixy, too; but, perhaps, any one would have been justified in declaring them to be less than delightful to that young lady, as "her eyes on all their motions with a mute observance hung" in a way that spoke eloquently to Lionel.

They were not seeing very much of the Suttons about this time. Mrs. Sutton laughed at the "new order of things," as she termed it, and in addition to laughing at them all she had taken to opposing and irritating Edgar. Whatever hold Edgar had had upon her formerly was weakened now, evidently. She ceased to maintain the smallest appearance of respect for his opinions. She openly charged him to Beatrix with being unscrupulous about other people's feelings, fortunes, happiness, honor almost, when his own interests were at stake. Whatever his influence over her had been, she had freed herself from it; and she gloried in the freedom, and was more extravagant and vain, more frivolous and conspicuous than before; and Ellen Bowden was with her a great deal, and Mrs. Bowden began to hope that John Wilmot would soon cease to be a stumbling-block in her pretty daughter's path.

It may be mentioned here that Mrs. Bowden had been very acquiescent about that matter which had been the primary object of her journey to London. She had not only advanced money to her brother (whose own capital was farmed out under Edgar Talbot's advice), but she bought shares in her own and her children's names in more than one promising speculation. "Mark was so prudent, far-seeing, honorable, and right-thinking altogether, that there must be safety in following where he led," she argued, when some of her steady-going old country friends warned her against being led away and dazzled by the brazen images that were the reigning gods of the Stock Exchange. Her argument was unanswerable, for Mark Sutton's character for probity and caution was unassailable. Nevertheless, hints to the effect that "even he might be mistaken sometimes" were offered to, and disregarded by her. The greed of gain, the fever of gaining on a large scale, had seized Mrs. Bowden. What had been all-sufficient was now as nothing to her; and as her mental grasp was not broad, nor her brain remarkably bright and strong, she grew haggard and harassed over the ceaseless efforts she made to work out (theoretically) infallibly successful combinations. The occupations, interests, and pleasures of the present were all poor and tame to her by comparison with those that might fall to her lot in the future, if every thing went well. On the other hand, if every thing went ill, she might soon be reduced to such a position as would cause her present necessaries to loom before her regretful vision in the proportions of luxuries. Her mind was much disturbed by these opposite possibilities, yet she had not the courage and resolution to free herself from their wearing influence by "realizing," even when she might have done so at a great gain. Golden dreams always led her on. Vague fancy beguiled her into believing that the feeling of unrest would pass away with the novelty. She began—being essentially a good-natured woman—to worry herself as to the way in which she should make her old country friends, with their rough manners and tones, quite at home and at their ease in the society of those new ones which her gold would gain her. Moreover, she was a good deal disturbed about Ellen. The girl had been left behind with the aunt, who seemed so anxious to efface all memory of her long-continued neglect by great kindness now—left behind with this aunt very much against her (Ellen's) will. Miss Bowden felt miserably dull and awkwardly out of place at first in the grand solitude to which Mrs. Sutton condemned her (Ellen) while she was unconsciously undergoing a process of polishing that was to render her a more useful instrument in Marian's hands. If Mrs. Sutton had possessed any principle and any honor, she would not have been a bad companion for a young, unformed country girl. As it was, Ellen Bowden insensibly caught a slight reflection of the perfect grace, the unruffled ease, the smooth refinement which leavened all that Mrs. Sutton did and said. Marian had the art of telling her pupil what it would be well for her to do without addressing her directly. It must not be understood by this statement that Mrs. Sutton was guilty of the vulgarity of talking at her guest. But she had a way of telling Ellen about other girls who had the unmistakable stamp of "gentlewomen" upon them; and she would put in the salient points of their manner with a firm, clear touch or two that was not lost upon Ellen, who grew more uniformly quiet, and at the same time less constrained.

Anxious as Mr. Sutton had been that his sister and her family should at least be known to and kindly treated by his wife, he had not gone with the latter cordially when she proposed that Ellen should stay with her for three or four months. "You mean it so kindly" (he always would think the best of any act of Marian's), "that I hardly like to throw cold water on your plan; but I can't fancy that she will be the better for the change, or much of a companion for you; besides, poor girl, she has a sweet-heart down there."

"I did mean it for the best. However, I shall say nothing more; the onus of deciding shall be left with her mother and you now, Mark; but I am sorry you should show them you think me a bad companion for the girl."

After that Mr. Sutton offered no opinion on the subject; and Mrs. Bowden decided that Ellen should remain, as "her aunt so kindly invited her."

After that little period of probation or polishing Mrs. Sutton gave her young charge plenty of change, plenty of gayety, plenty of opportunities of forgetting John Wilmot and the vows she had exchanged with him. But a counter-influence was at work, of which Mrs. Sutton saw and suspected nothing. Mark Sutton never gave his niece any ear-rings, or marvelous ball-dresses—he left all that for Marian to do, and Marian was open-handed; but he gave Ellen something that the girl could not help valuing more highly than she did any of the things Mrs. Sutton lavished upon her. His gift was a good, genuine, uncalled-for opinion.

"So you're going to marry young Wilmot, Elly?" he said to her, when he was alone with her the first evening of her stay in his house.

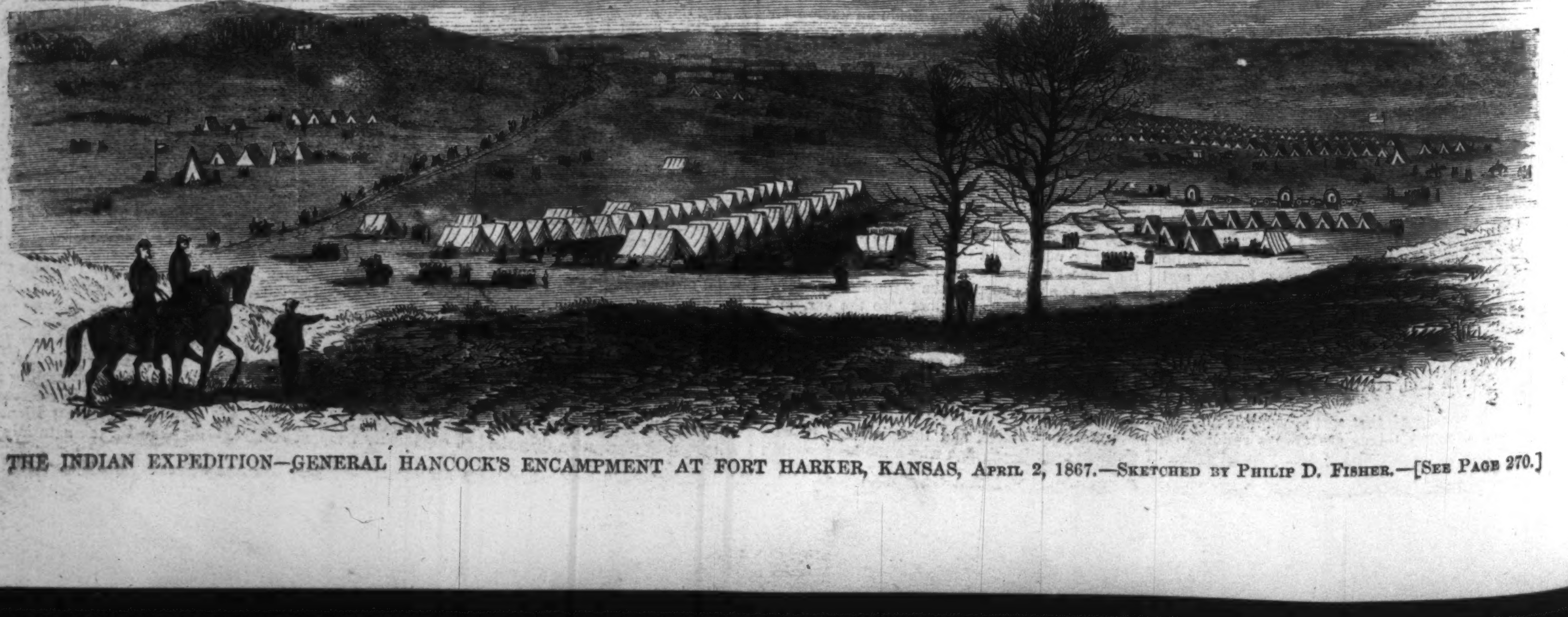
"We both mean it now, I believe, uncle," the girl replied, blushing a little.

"And you would be mightily annoyed if he was the first not to mean it, I suppose? But I would rather see you keep honest of the two. Don't make me curse the atmosphere of my home, Elly, by seeing you change in it. Try to keep firm and true; don't get false and fine in it, child."

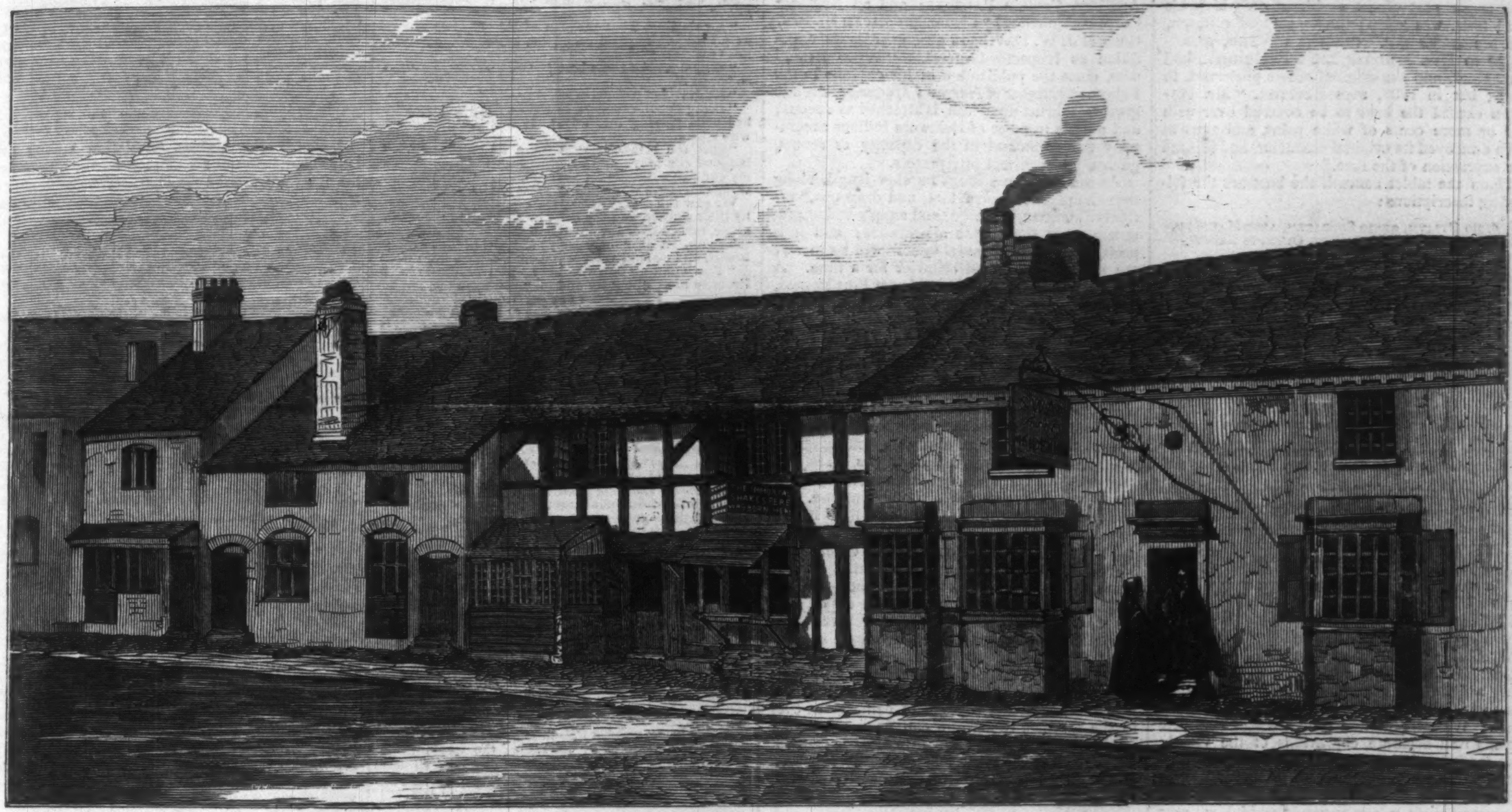
The girl looked up wonderingly as he stopped, choked by a sob. He had his handkerchief up to his face, and was trying to cough and cover his emotion, and, by so trying, making it much more apparent to the girl, to whom it revealed many things that he would willingly have concealed.

"I don't think I shall ever disappoint you in that way, uncle," she said, feelingly. All her sympathies were aroused by that sudden rent in the veil which habitually fell over Mr. Sutton's domestic policy. All her sympathies were aroused, and yet she feared to betray that she felt any for him, or rather that she felt that there existed cause for her feeling any. It occurred to her, with painful force, that the atmosphere of his home must have been bad for some one, or why should he have warned her against growing "false and fine." The graceful lady who ruled his household and shared his name was fine in the sense that a delicately nurtured and carefully tended flower is so. It was just probable that she might be false also, Ellen thought, as she looked at the grieved, humiliated expression which came like a cloud over Mr. Sutton's honest open face.

So, though Miss Bowden's stay with the Suttons was prolonged far beyond the original term of the invitation, she was not dazzled out of her allegiance to her old love, but remained for several months, at least, as entirely without reproach as Mr. John Wilmot was without fear on her behalf. Mrs. Sutton gave her plenty of amusement, and the girl liked it, for Marian had taken her niece's measure correctly, and only piped such airs as Ellen would care to dance to. Mrs. Sutton was possessed of a fine tact, that would have made her remarkable in a worthy way if she had been a better woman. As it was, it only aided in making her contemptible, but not contemptible to her niece yet. Indeed, Ellen Bowden constructed rather a fine character for Mrs. Sutton, and described the same in warm words to Mr. John Wilmot in one of the many letters that Marian was much too judicious to remark upon. If the girl had dared to do so, if she had not feared wounding the kind heart that so evidently preferred feeding upon itself, she would liked to have given her uncle the assurance that his wife never strove in the slightest degree to turn her into any dubious path. But after that one emphatic caution to her Mark Sutton had resolutely held his peace, and had given her no excuse for touching on the topic. Accordingly Ellen nursed her notions respecting the absolute freedom of her will in secrecy, and Mrs. Sutton marked the girl's sense of security in her own integrity of purpose, and took care not to disturb it. Meanwhile Ellen was becoming an ardent student of color and form, and an untiring illustrator, on her own person, of her increase of knowledge on such matters, under the auspices of the clever dress-maker to whom Marian owed so much, in more ways than one.



THE INDIAN EXPEDITION—GENERAL HANCOCK'S ENCAMPMENT AT FORT HARKER, KANSAS, APRIL 2, 1867.—SKETCHED BY PHILIP D. FISHER.—[SEE PAGE 270.]



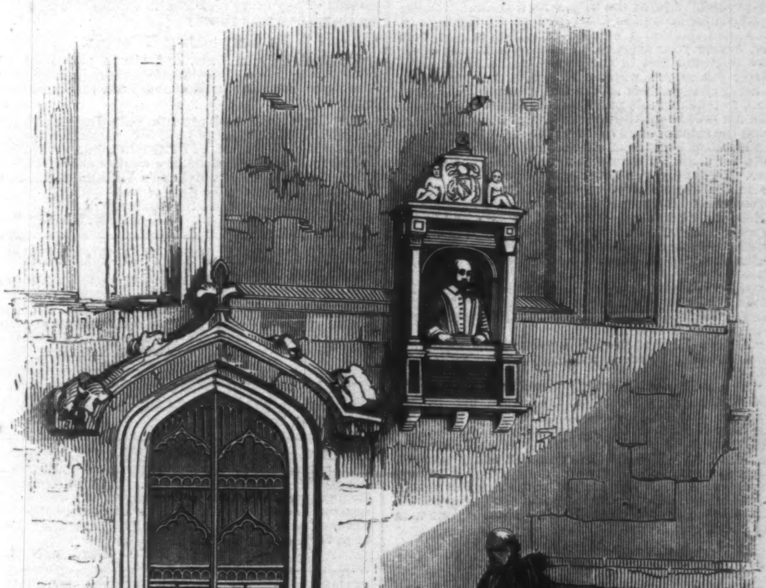
SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE IN HENLEY STREET, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

THE SHAKSPEARE STATUE.

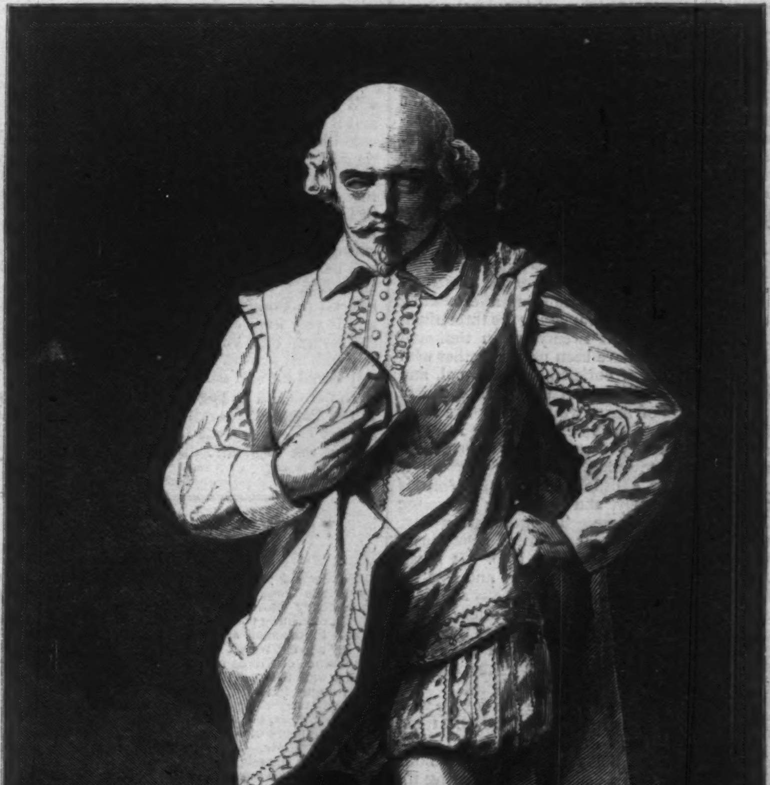
The twenty-third of April was the three hundred and third anniversary of the birthday of **William Shakspeare** — that is, according to the general acceptance of the tradition which represents him to have been born three days before the one on which it is recorded in the parish church of Stratford-upon-Avon, that he was duly baptized under the name of *Gulielmus*, and registered as *filius Johannes Shakspeare.* The third centennial of this day was celebrated in New York in 1864 by the laying of the corner-stone of a monument to the great poet in Central Park. As we write this no arrangements have been made to celebrate the present anniversary, unless it is claimed and admitted that the final award of the contract for the statue and the monument is to be considered in the light of appropriate festal ceremonies. The award has been made, and the model which has been adopted, and of which we give an engraving, is by **J. Quincy A. Ward**, one of the most successful sculptors of the country.

We also give, as interesting in this connection, pictures of the birth-place and tomb of the poet. The house is located in Henley Street, Stratford-upon-Avon. It will at least enable us to form an idea of the sort of habitation usually occupied by respectable "gentleman farmers" of the time of "Good Queen **Bess**," of which class **John Shakspeare** is supposed to have been, though it is clearly in evidence that he occasionally also did a little business as a butcher; and it is even said that his divinely gifted son not infrequently indulged in poaching adventures as a deer stalker.

The tomb of **Shakspeare** is in the chancel of the Holy Trinity Church at Stratford. The bust is of the size of life, and stands fixed upon an arch between two Corinthian columns of black marble; upon the entablature are the arms of **Shakspeare**, surmounted by a skull and two small figures, as seen in the engraving. Originally the bust was colored to resemble life. The hands and face were of flesh color, the eyes of a light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn. The doublet, or coat, was scarlet; over which was a loose black tabard, or gown, without sleeves.



TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE, HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.



WARD'S STATUE OF SHAKSPEARE FOR THE CENTRAL PARK MONUMENT.

The upper part of the cushions, on which his hand rests, was green; the under half crimson, and the tassels gilt. Mr. John Ward, grandfather to Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, had it repaired, and the original colors preserved, in 1748; but in 1793, says Britton, "Mr. Malone caused the bust to be covered over with one or more coats of white paint, and thus at once destroyed its original character, and injured the expression of the face."

Upon the tablet beneath the bust are the following inscriptions:

Jvdicio Pylivm, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, popvlvs mæret, Olympvs habet.

Stay, passenger, why goest thov by so fast,
Read, if thov canst, whom envious death hath plast
Within this monvment, Shakspeare, with whome
Qvick Natvre dide; whose name doth deck ys tombe
Far more than cost; sith all yt. he hath writt
Leaves living art bvt page to serve his wit.
Obiit ano. doi. 1616. Ætatis 53. die 23 ap.

Below the monument, upon the stone covering the Poet's grave, are the following extraordinary lines:

Good frend for Jesus sake forbeare,
To dig the dust encloased heare:
Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones.

The engraving which we give of the statue by Mr. Ward is from a fine photograph by Rockwood & Co. of the artist's model lately completed.

THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The steamship *Great Eastern* paid New York another visit on April 9, steaming up the bay and coming to anchor at the foot of Hammond Street, North River; and creating a sensation only a little less general and enthusiastic than that which she occasioned in 1860, on her first visit. We gave at that time full and complete details and accurate engravings of the vessel; and made her length and breadth and every outward form and feature familiar to our readers, so that a detailed description will not be a necessary accompaniment to the engraving which we now present on page 261

The *Great Eastern* of to-day, however, differs very materially from the Leviathan of 1860. On her return from the successful expedition to lay the Atlantic Cable it was concluded to refit her for a passenger vessel. Twelve hundred men were employed at the labors of reconstruction, working day and night for four months. The remodeling of the interior for passenger accommodation has been skillfully accomplished, affording all that would be sought for by the most fastidious residents of a first-class hotel on shore, and making her the most complete and elegant passenger ship ever afloat.

On the spar deck, which was formerly entirely clear, are a number of cabins, in which are the bar, barber shop, captain's cabin, officers' quarters, blacksmith shop, and a grand dining-saloon. Between decks almost every foot of available space has been converted into cabins and staterooms, so that now there are accommodations for three thousand passengers. Among the improvements worthy of special notice is the mangling-room, where two tubs are driven by the engine which works the capstans; and connected with it are drying and airing rooms, heated by steam, where the linen is hung up after coming from the mangles. In supplying the three thousand berths with beds twenty-seven thousand yards of linen tick have been used, together with forty tons' weight of curled hair and wool, and for sheets, and pillow, and bolster-slips, thirty thousand yards of linen, while twenty-five hundred counterpanes have been supplied, in addition to those already in use, besides eleven thousand yards of toweling. The dining-room is about centre, or a little to aft of the ship, is gotten up very finely, and is capable of seating 900 persons at one time. The greatest novelty, however is the "patent steering apparatus," which is in the centre of the ship. It is the latest application of steam-power, and was invented by a workman in the company's employ named Gray. An engine on the after-deck is controlled by a small chain running to the wheel of the helmsman, near midships, and this engine works the immense rudders with perfect ease and accuracy.

Among the passengers on the late voyage were Messrs. Cyrus W. Field, Paul du Chaillu, Jules Derpecher, Director of the *Great Eastern* Company, and many others of lesser note. The passengers had a delightful time during the fourteen days' trip, not a single case of sea-sickness occurring. M. du Chaillu delivered lectures on "Ashango Land" and "Equatorial Africa;" Sir James Anderson, the Captain of the *Great Eastern*, told the story of the laying of the cable: the crew gave a negro-minstrel entertainment; two papers—the *Ocean Times* and *Great Eastern Telegraph* were published daily; and altogether time was effectively annihilated.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S INDIAN EXPEDITION.

The Government, aroused at last to the necessity of doing something to prevent a repetition of the massacre at Fort Philip Kearney, has sent an expedition to the Plains under Major-General Winfield S. Hancock. The command reached Fort Harker on the first of April, and went into camp on the "Smoky Bottom," just west of the post; from which camp it moved on the third of April, going to Fort Larned on the Arkansas River, distant from Harker about eighty miles. The troops are under command of General A. J. Smith. They number about two thousand men, and consist of the Seventh United States Cavalry, Colonel Custer; Thirty-seventh United States Infantry, Captain John Rziha; Battery B, Fourth United States Artillery, Captain Parsons; and an Engineer Corps commanded by Lieutenant Micah Brown. General J. W. Davidson accompanies the expedition as Inspector-General. "Wild Bill," who, since the publication of his exploits in the February Number of *Harper's Magazine*, has had greatness thrust upon him, is attached as a scout; and quite a number of Delaware Indians accompany the command in the capacity of scouts, guides, hunters, and interpreters.

As the command drags its slow length along over the plains, "horse, foot, and dragoons," artillery, pontoon, baggage, and supply trains present a most formidable appearance; and it is probable that the "moral effect" will be to awe the red men into good behavior for a time. A grand "pow-wow" will be held near Fort Larned, and arrangements will be effected, it is hoped, which will afford security and safety to those whose business compels them to either travel through or reside in the valley of the Smoky Hill. A consultation was held at Fort Dodge recently with the Kiowas, which tribe professed friendship for the whites, but said that the Blackfeet, Sioux, Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, and Camanches, had formed a confederation, and were determined to wage a bloody war against the whites. They report also, that some of the more northern tribes have banded together for a similar purpose.

General Hancock has with him a little Indian boy six years of age, whom he is carrying to restore to his people, they having by a recent treaty stipulated for the return of this child. Three years since the First Colorado Volunteers, under Colonel Chivington, attacked a party of Indians at Sand Creek. Of over three hundred Indians attacked this child, then a babe of three years, is the only survivor, he having been saved and carried off by a soldier. The little boy is particularly bright and intelligent, and is heart-broken at the thought of being given over to the Indians, though he can form but a very faint conception of the hardship in store for him. The child has evidently had good care taken of him, and an incident which occurred at Fort Leavenworth has led the whole command to regard his return to the savages as an outrage. A few days since, while a party of gentlemen were dining at Fort Leavenworth, one of them, a Major-General connected with the command, felt himself touched on the arm, and looking around, saw this little *Cheyenne* standing beside him. The General had been very kind to this little fellow, and had won his affections completely.

"Don't drink that," said the child, pointing to the glass on the table.

"Why not, my boy?" said the General, laying his hand kindly on the boy's head—"why not?"

"It is bad," said the child.

"Oh no," said the soldier: "this is wine—this is not whisky.

"But it is bad," said the little *savage*; "it will make you drunk, and then you will fight, and it is bad for men to fight."

With such precocious ideas of virtue this little fellow, were he older, might be a missionary to his people; but his infancy leaves us little hope that the truths which have germinated so early in him will not be plucked up or choked by the barbarism to which the Government is about to consign him; it is more likely that the Indians will barbarize him than that "a little child shall lead *them*." General Hancock manifests a great interest in this child, keeps him at his quarters, and is very kind to him. It is to be hoped that the savages may be prevailed upon to leave the boy with his present friends, that he may be properly cared for and educated.

In the sketch on page 269 Fort Harker is seen in the distance, Custer's head-quarters and the cavalry camp is on the left, General Head-quarters in the right mid distance, and the artillery camp in front.

VALERIAN'S HONEY-MOON.

A Fragment.

My darling stepped out from the little inn-window on to the wooden balcony, draped with vine-leaves and heavy bunches of half-ripened purple grapes, which overhung the door of the *osteria*. It was a lapis-lazuli night, such as is only known in Italy. Below us lay a great water, calm as that bay of contentment whereinto our lives had now glided. Stars trembled there, and the moon swung her full-fed lamp on the very edge of the ripple that washed the shore. There came a heavy odor of orange-blossoms from the gardens about us, blent with the less rare odor of tobacco, from the pipes of ostlers and wayfarers seated around the door below. The murmur of their voices was all that broke the silence.

Between the *osteria* and the lake ran the dusty high-road, where the diligence half an hour ago had passed, and stopped here to change horses. But there was not much traffic, saving a cart or two, oxen-drawn and laden with maize, and a curious old vehicle, half-gig, half-chaise, bearing a notary from the neighboring town to the bedside of some village Dives, cumbered in his last hours with the disposition of his wealth (so the waiter informed me). Saving for these the dust had slept undisturbed, in layers several inches thick, upon the road, during all the hours we had been here. And now the night had come, and even such infrequent traffic would cease.

But, contrary to our expectation, as we two stood there hand in hand upon the balcony, listening to a cicala in the dusty road-side grass and a frog in the water-weeds, and the hum of the smokers' voices below us, there fell on our ears the distant cracking of a post-boy's whip, with the familiar accompaniment of jingling harness. A minute more, and in the white moonlight we saw an open traveling-carriage coming rapidly toward us. There was a rush among the smokers to the front; the postillion worked up his whip into a state of frenzy as he neared his goal, and finally swung himself lightly to the ground, as he pulled up exactly under our window. The carriage was occupied by two persons—a gentleman and lady. The head of the *calèche* being thrown back I could see the man's face very distinctly in the moonlight, which was as clear as day. I thought I recognized it: so, perhaps, did my companion, for she drew yet closer to me, and I felt her little hot hand tremble in mine. The doubt, if it was one, lasted but a minute: the lady threw back her veil; the small black-lace bonnet framed—it did not shroud—that carved ivory face on which the moonlight flooded. God forgive me! I had reason to know it too well; and so had she who stood beside me. My poor little darling nestled close to me like a frightened dove, and she pulled me quickly back under the shadow of the vine-leaves, as she murmured:

"Oh, Valerian! that woman again! That woman *here!*"

"My darling, what are you afraid of? She can do us no harm. Depend on it, she is not troubling her head about *me*."

"Why does she come here? Oh, Valerian, we were so happy!"

"Hush! Let us hear what they say."

"Bring out the *livre des étrangers*. We will see who has been passing this way." It was the gentleman who spoke.

"Just the romantic spot for a love-sick couple," laughed the lady; and her fine musical laugh fell on my ear like a discordant peal of bells. "I should not wonder if there was some one staying here."

We saw the greasy strangers' book handed to them by their courier, and the lady, by the light of the moon alone, turned over the pages and read the names written there. A dear little curly head was hidden on my breast, and a small voice whispered, plaintively:

"You won't go down to her? You won't see her? Promise me. She'll try and take you from me, as she did before. I shall die if you go, Valerian!"

"Never fear, my darling. She bewitched me once; I was mad then, I believe. But have I not something better now? While I hold my treasure here in my arms, what to me are all the fairest women in the world?"

"Ah! you didn't think so once," she sobbed; "and I know nothing can resist her—nothing! Even now you can not take your eyes off her. Ah, Valerian, if she drags you away from me *this* time—"

I put my hand across her mouth, and listened with hungry eyes and ears.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the lady, clasping her hands and laughing. "Look here!—what a *rencontre!*—read this: '*Mons. Valerian, peintre, Paris, avec sa femme.*' Only think of *his* being here! I have not seen him since he threatened to blow out his brains."

"Poor devil! You treated him very badly, Cora. Who did he marry?"

"Oh, some little English model, to whom he had been engaged for years—ever since she was a child. I wish her joy of him. Have you a mind to see them? Shall we stop the night here? You wanted a sketch of the lake; he shall make me half a dozen."

"That sort of fellow's a bore!" said the gentleman, lighting his cigar. "Besides, you'll have to make the fellow believe you're in love with him again, in order to get your sketches; and it isn't worth it. How can you ever have found *any thing* worth it? Gratified vanity, eh? You twisted him round your little finger, the young fool, all the time I was in Russia. Well, I hope you found it amusing. I always think society of that second-rate sort a nuisance."

"He was really very tolerable; the whole thing rather amused me for a time—until he began to take it *au grand sérieux*. When he grew dull and taciturn, talked of nothing but death and despair, of course I was obliged to shut the door in his face. It would rather interest me to see him again, though," added the lady, carefully buttoning her glove. "Let us send for him."

And this was the woman for whom, one short year ago, I would have laid down my life—for whose sake I had cast aside the treasure which, undeserving as I was, I had found nestling in my heart once more! Blind fool that I had been! Oh, for those wasted, worse than wasted, hours! I felt, in that moment, how one burning drop of shameful memory may embitter a whole cupful of present happiness. Else were there no justice under heaven; while faithful men, whose love has never swerved, are forever severed, this side the grave, from all they have best loved on earth. Was it my darling's avenging angel who had brought this couple here to-night, that my ears might testify to the baseness of her who had seduced me from my heart's first allegiance?

This is what I heard the husband reply:

"*Ma chere*, it would be dull work for me watching you try to rehook your fish. No doubt you would succeed—you always do. But I put it to you fairly—*est-ce que cela vaut la peine?* You, who have had emperors at your feet—you may leave your poor artist in peace at last, eh, to the miserable enjoyment of his model wife. She punishes him enough for his infidelity before marriage, depend on it."

"No doubt; and I should like to have seen my friend hen-pecked," replied the lady, with a smile. "It was just because he was so different from all the men of one's own set that I amused myself with him, *mon cher*, during your absence. I knew *you* would never have tolerated him in the house—as he never plays *écarté*; but as you were in Russia, it was rather an amusing change, after all the *blasés* men of the Jockey Club, to listen to this passionate sentimental painter, with his talk about Christian art, and his enthusiasm about the color of one's hair and the turn of one's neck, and his utter absence of all conventionality. He was quite refreshing, I assure you, until he came to be a bore. By-the-by, you never saw the picture he did of me in the dress I wore at the Princesse Mathilde's *bal costumé!* If we staid here the night—"

Here the fresh horses were brought out; and in the imprecations which accompanied the tugging at the rope harness and the shoving of the beasts into their places at the pole, I lost the remainder of this sentence.

"If I have any luck, before we return to Paris I'll send to the fellow and buy his picture," said the husband; "but to-night remember that Schwartzenheim is to meet us at Como."

"And *he* plays at *écarté!* I will get the miniature from Valerian, however, without your buying it, *mon ami*."

"You shall not have long to wait," I murmured; and disengaging myself from the arms of my darling, who followed me, pale and bathed in tears, I entered our little room and ran to a case which stood near the bed. Among a number of other miniatures was one half-finished, which I had not looked at for months. I seized a sponge full of water and passed it several times across the hard, beautiful, white face that looked out at me less and less distinctly, until nothing but the faintest shadow of a face was left. Then I wrote with my pencil across it:

Valerian's Last Gift.

I ran into the balcony. They were just starting. The *padrone*, surrounded by his satellites, stood cringing and congéing at the door: the postillion was already in his saddle, the courier climbing deftly into his rumble. I took my aim just as the whip went "crack!" and the wheels, with a sudden jerk, began revolving: the bit of ivory dropped straight into her lap. She was startled and looked quickly up. Our eyes met. I was leaning well over the balcony this time, with my arm around my angel's neck; and it was with no feigned fervor of passion that I pressed my lips to hers. The carriage was rolling out of sight in the moonlight and the dust, but I could just catch the scornful smile on that pale sculptured face, under its black-lace bonnet, before a turn of the road hid the woman from me—forever.

Yes, forever on this side the grave; for I learn that she is now dead. It was a painful, lingering end; some internal torture eating away her life, and with it her dearly-cherished beauty. What comfort had she in those last hours, when her husband was playing *écarté* at his club, and her admirers had all deserted her, with no baby-fingers clasped about her neck, no children's voices to cheer the love-forgotten silence? Was the solitary woman haunted by the memory of lives she had ruined, of hearts she had burned up and laid desolate?

Why have I written down the story of those few moments in a balcony? Because I look back to them with thankfulness, as to the crisis when my eyes were fully opened. I know myself. I know that until then, blinded by the woman's beauty, I never really saw her as she was. But for this there have been times haply when I might have regretted that my little angel lacked the Athenian grace and brilliancy that in another exercised so fatal a spell over me. As it is, I thank God for the helpmate He has given me; for her sweet trusting nature, for the heaven of her face, which always brings me peace when I look into it. And when I see her baby curled like a rose-leaf on her bosom, and her two sturdy boys, who clean father's pallet and mimic father's pictures in chalk upon the studio-wall—ah, well, I say to myself, there is nothing the Schwartzenheim palace contains, nothing that poor dead woman's life ever compassed, that I would take in exchange for the joys my wife has given me

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7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens, English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., (Post-Office Box 5643), New York City.
COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Club Order.

Olivet, Michigan, *January* 29, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

Messrs.,—The goods which I ordered for Olivet Tea Club No. 1 were received in due time, and have given good satisfaction. Really the exhilarating power seems to be contagious, for most of the fair matrons in our neighborhood are inquiring when I send again. Inclosed I send O. T. C. No. 2. I shall probably send again in a few days. Mrs. Ingersoll, who was principal mover in Club No. 1, sends her respects for the complimentary package, and says she drinks her Tea with more relish than she has for many years before.

Very truly yours,
E. I. Ingersoll.

6 lbs. Japan, Henry Shallier	at $1 00	$6 00
5 lbs. Japan, Leonard Andrews	at 1 25	6 25
1 lb. Japan, Mrs. Keys	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial, Mrs. Keys	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial, L. B. Butler	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial, Simon Cole	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial, Nathan Brooks	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan, Nathan Brooks	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial, John M. Bradnor	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan, Eliza Bordwell	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial, J. Barns	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Imperial, William De Mott	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Imperial, M. H. Avery	at 1 25	1 25
3 lbs. Imperial, H. Herrick	at 1 25	3 75
1 lb. Imperial, W. Gilbert	at 1 25	1 25
Carried up		$32 25
Brought up		$32 25
2 lbs. Imperial, J. Sloan	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Imperial, Burt Hankins	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial, M. Whitney	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan, M. Whitney	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong, Black, best, A. C. Frost	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Imperial, J. Baird	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Japan, C. Dean	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Imperial, A. T. Savage	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Imperial, M. Moore	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Imperial, L. R. Hamlin	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Imperial, W. P. Esler	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial, F. Reed	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial, E. A. Hall	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan, D. P. Reed	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan, J. W. Haynes	at 1 25	1 25
Total		$57 25

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 Vesey Street. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street—*large double store.*

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